Son of HEAVY METAL®

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WPS-38340-04
Retailer:
Display until
May 29, 1984

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Cover by Sanjulian

Inside Back Cover by John Workman

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Julie Simmons-Lynch • Editor
John Workman/Bill Workman • Art Directors
Christina Miner • Translator
Steven Maloff • Associate Editor
Camille Russo • Production Director
Cynthia Scheuter • Production Associate
Leonard Mogel • Publisher

INTRODUCTION

THE OFT-QUOTED TERRAN AUTHOR, ***WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE*** (WHO HAD A KNACK FOR PAIRING THE LITERARY AND THE VISUAL), ONCE REMARKED FAVOR-ABLY ON THE UN-CANNY ABILITY OF "NIMBLE THOUGHTS" TO "JUMP BOTH LAND AND SEA."

THIS, OF COURSE, WAS QUITE A LONG WHILE BEFORE ***MOEBIUS, BILAL, CAZA,*** AND A HOST OF OTHER ULTRA-MORTALS WEDDED WORDS AND IMAGES INTO THEIR OWN VERY UNIQUE "NIMBLE THOUGHTS"..

...AND JUMPED THROUGH SPACE AND TIME... TAKING A MILLION OR SO PEOPLE ALONG WITH THEM. THEY DID THIS IN THE COLORFUL PAGES OF THE ADULT ILLUSTRATED FANTASY MAGAZINE... ***HEAVY METAL!***

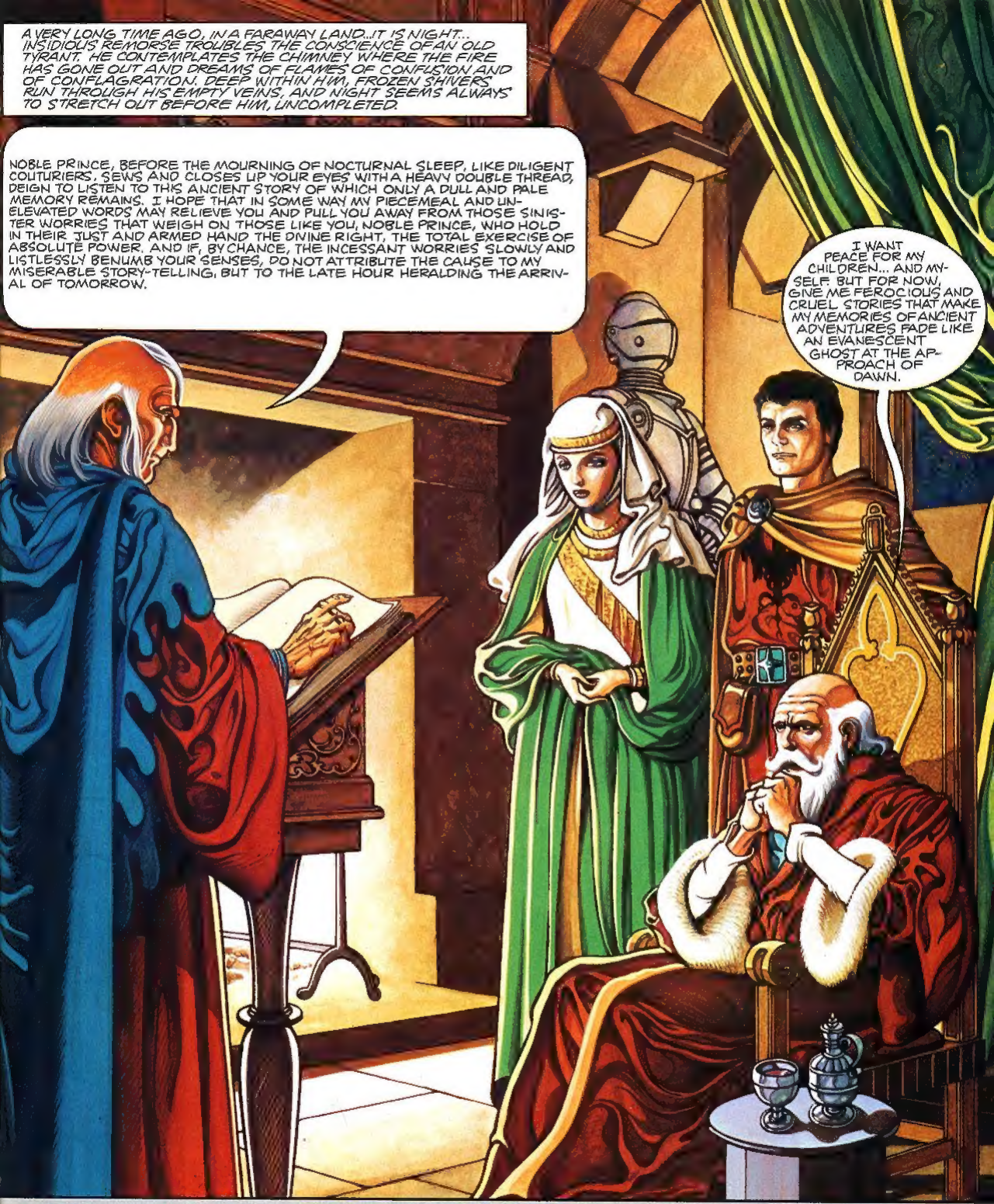
SO...

...WELCOME TO... ***SON OF HEAVY METAL!***

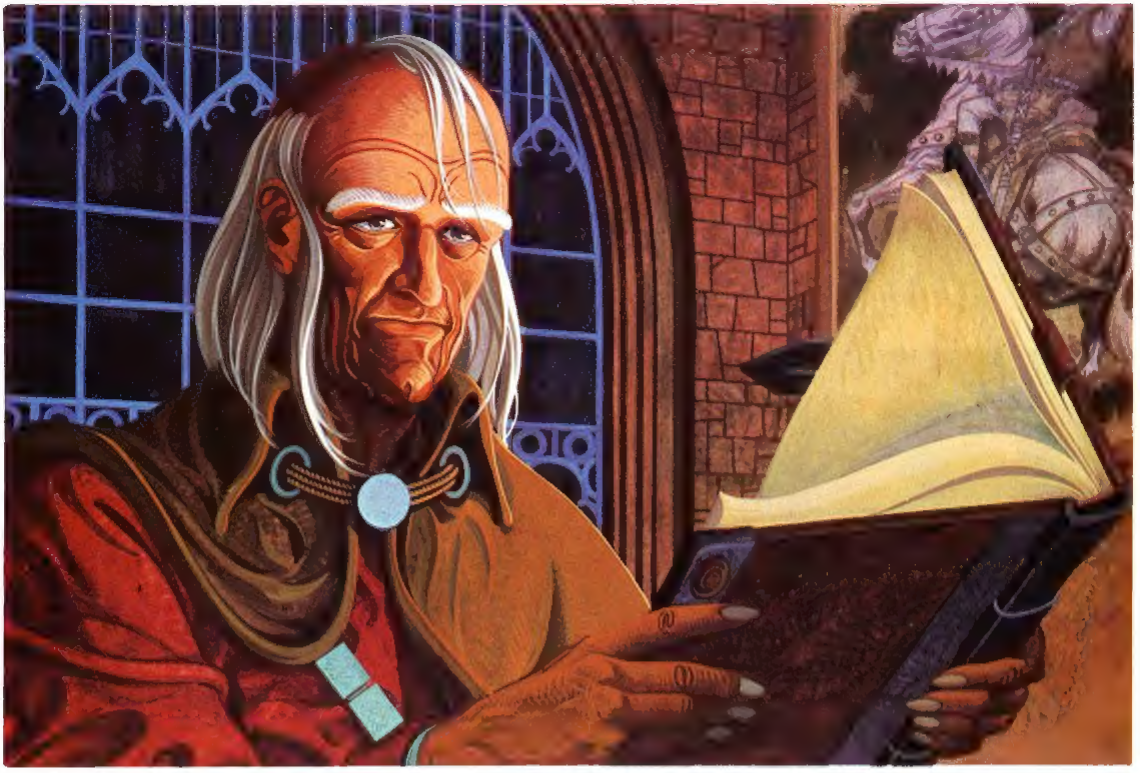
BUT... THINK ABOUT IT...

...HOW CAN ONE MONTHLY MAGAZINE POSSIBLY HOLD ALL SPACE AND TIME, NOT TO MENTION THE EVEN LARGER DIMENSION CALLED... ***IMAGINATION?***

WORKMAN·84


A VERY LONG TIME AGO, IN A FARAWAY LAND..IT IS NIGHT... INSIDIOUS REMORSE TROUBLES THE CONSCIENCE OF AN OLD TYRANT. HE CONTEMPLATES THE CHIMNEY WHERE THE FIRE HAS GONE OUT AND DREAMS OF FLAMES OF CONFUSION AND OF CONFLAGRATION. DEEP WITHIN HIM, FROZEN SHIVERS RUN THROUGH HIS EMPTY VEINS, AND NIGHT SEEMS ALWAYS TO STRETCH OUT BEFORE HIM, UNCOMPLETED.
NOBLE PRINCE, BEFORE THE MOURNING OF NOCTURNAL SLEEP, LIKE DILIGENT COUTURIERS, SEWS AND CLOSES UP YOUR EYES WITH A HEAVY DOUBLE THREAD, DEIGN TO LISTEN TO THIS ANCIENT STORY OF WHICH ONLY A DULL AND PALE MEMORY REMAINS. I HOPE THAT IN SOME WAY MY PIECEMEAL AND UNELEVATED WORDS MAY RELIEVE YOU AND PULL YOU AWAY FROM THOSE SINISTER WORRIES THAT WEIGH ON THOSE LIKE YOU, NOBLE PRINCE, WHO HOLD IN THEIR JUST AND ARMED HAND THE DIVINE RIGHT, THE TOTAL EXERCISE OF ABSOLUTE POWER. AND IF, BY CHANCE, THE INCESSANT WORRIES SLOWLY AND LISTLESSLY BENUMB YOUR SENSES, DO NOT ATTRIBUTE THE CAUSE TO MY MISERABLE STORY-TELLING, BUT TO THE LATE HOUR HERALDING THE ARRIVAL OF TOMORROW.
I WANT PEACE FOR MY CHILDREN... AND MYSELF. BUT FOR NOW, GIVE ME FEROCIOUS AND CRUEL STORIES THAT MAKE MY MEMORIES OF ANCIENT ADVENTURES FADE LIKE AN EVANESCENT GHOST AT THE APPROACH OF DAWN.

RHEISA BEHLL

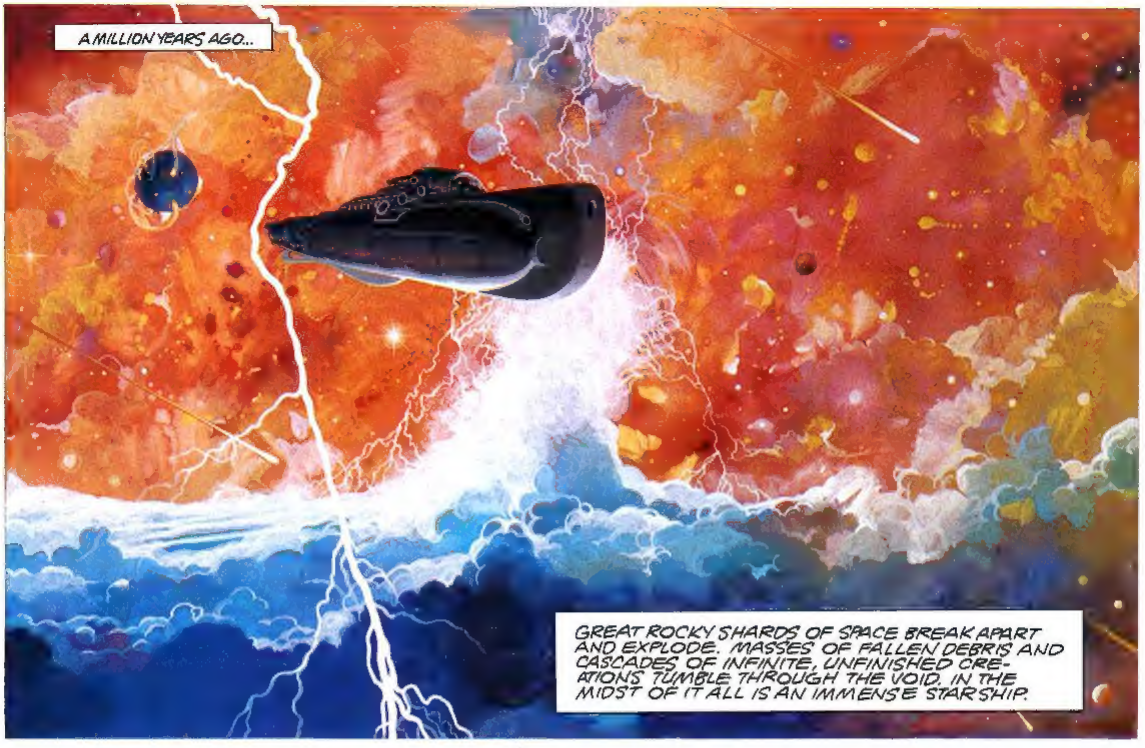


THE GNARLED HAND OF THE ANCIENT POET HESITATED..WITH A CERTAIN STUDIED TREMBLING... PERHAPS TO GIVE A FEELING OF THEATRICALITY OR SACREDNESS, OR SIMPLY BECAUSE THE LARGE PAGES WERE VERY HEAVY. HE OPENED THE BOOK AFTER CAREFULLY TAKING IT FROM THE DUSTY CASE WHERE IT HAD STAYED, UNTOUCHED, FOR CENTURIES.

"Even a single leaf is witness to the wind, and the healing wave of time touches every wound."

(UNTITLED BOOK)

THE SCORY OF RHEISA BEHLL
THE DANCER
RHEISA BEHLL EMERGES FROM THE OBSCURITY OF LOST UNIVERSES. A CREATURE OF TOTAL MYSTERY, SHE OFTEN CROSSES THE WATERS OF THE RIVER OF OBLIVION...
...TO ROAM THE LOST CITIES AND DARK MOUNTAINS OF A BILLION ALIEN WORLDS!
RHEISA BEHLL!... SHE WHO CARRIED A SWORD AND A DAGGER, WHO LOOKED FOR NO ANSWERS AND ASKED NO QUESTIONS.

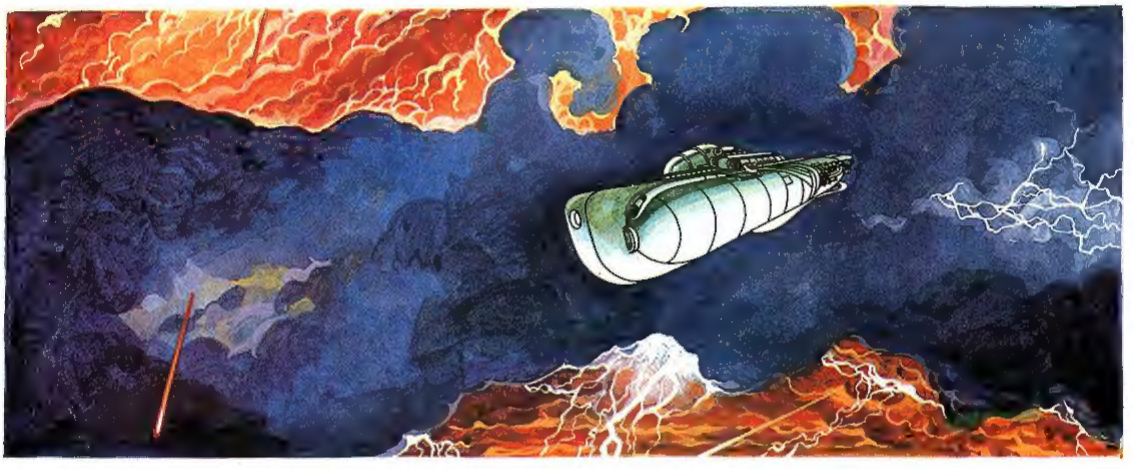

A MILLION YEARS AGO...
GREAT ROCKY SHARDS OF SPACE BREAK APART AND EXPLODE. MASSES OF FALLEN DEBRIS AND CASCADES OF INFINITE, UNFINISHED CREATIONS TUMBLE THROUGH THE VOID. IN THE MIDST OF IT ALL IS AN IMMENSE STARSHIP.

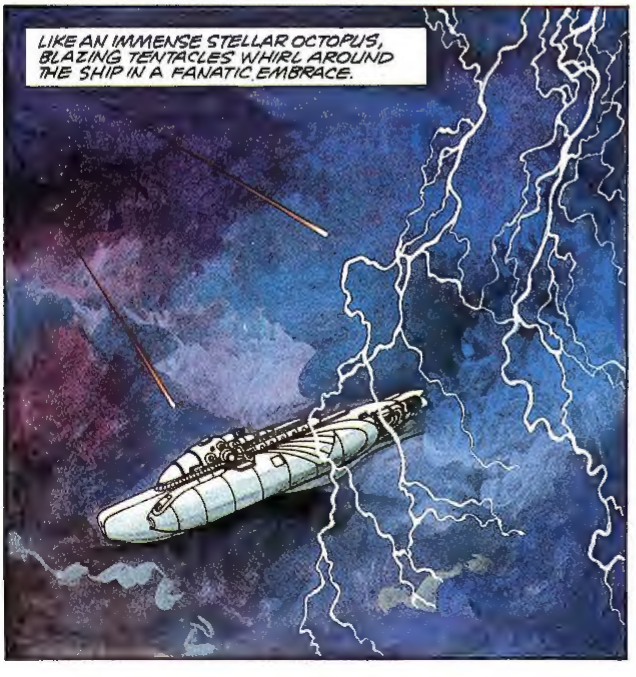
NO! NOT AGAIN!

YOU'RE A LOUSY, SNEAKING CHEAT, MELOTH! YOU PLAYED THE HORSE AND THE LADY... THE SAME CARDS I PLAYED! I'VE SUSPECTED FOR A LONG TIME THAT YOU'VE BEEN MANIPULATING THE SHUFFLER! JUST THINK OF ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE WON FROM US OVER THE LAST SIX YEARS!
JUST WAIT'LL I TELL THE CREW ABOUT THIS!
YOU BETTER NOT.
OH, BUT I WILL!
THINK SO?
I KNOW SO! YOU'RE FINISHED, MELOTH!
NOPE. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S FINISHED!
COWARD!
SO LONG, RICOTH!
NOW TO GET RID OF THE BODY... THIS WON'T BE EASY!
AND THE CARDS, OBLIVIOUS TO ALL, CONTINUE THEIR INSANE GAME.

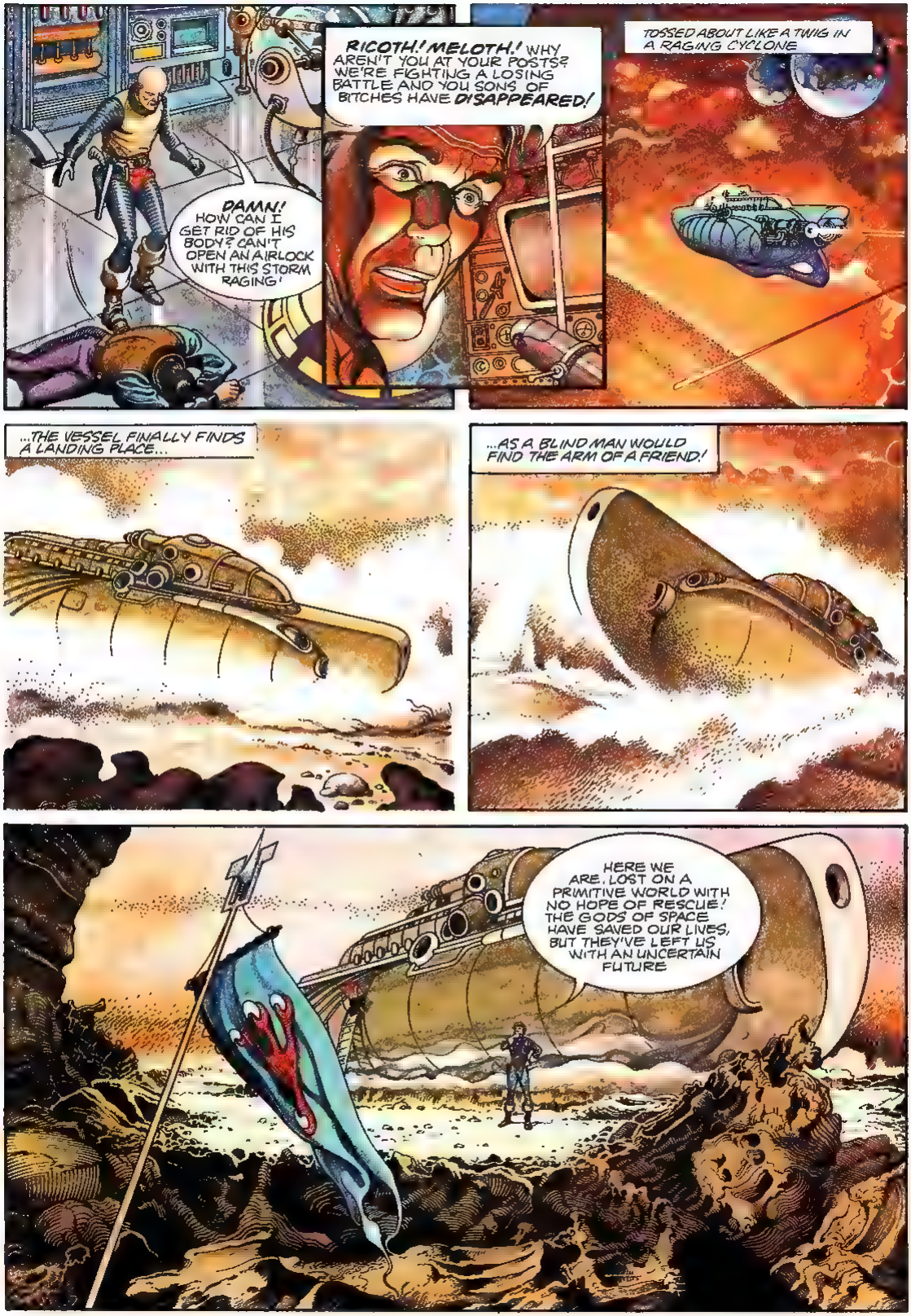
AW, CRAP! THAT STORM'S GETTING WORSE! AND THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SAFE ROUTE, FREE OF COSMIC STORMS!

WELL, FELLAS... IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO RIDE IT OUT! HELMSMAN!... STEER A CLEAR COURSE STRAIGHT AHEAD!




LIKE AN IMMENSE STELLAR OCTOPUS, BLAZING TENTACLES WHIRL AROUND THE SHIP IN A FANATIC EMBRACE.

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GOING OUR WAY FOR NOW... BUT THAT COULD CHANGE ANY SECOND! HOLD 'ER STEADY!

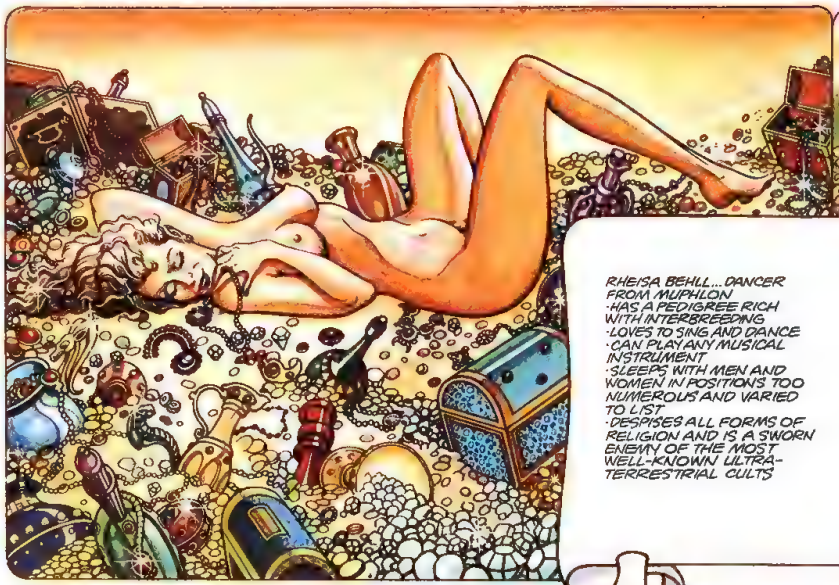

DAMN! HOW CAN I GET RID OF HIS BODY? CAN'T OPEN AN AIRLOCK WITH THIS STORM RAGING!
RICOTH! MELOTH! WHY AREN'T YOU AT YOUR POSTS? WE'RE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AND YOU SONS OF BITCHES HAVE DISAPPEARED!
TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A TWIG IN A RAGING CYCLONE
...THE VESSEL FINALLY FINDS A LANDING PLACE...
...AS A BLIND MAN WOULD FIND THE ARM OF A FRIEND!
HERE WE ARE, LOST ON A PRIMITIVE WORLD WITH NO HOPE OF RESCUE! THE GODS OF SPACE HAVE SAVED OUR LIVES, BUT THEY'VE LEFT US WITH AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE

COMMUNICATIONS ARE OKAY. WE CAN GET A DISTRESS CALL OUT, ANYWAY
NOT SO BAD IN HERE.. INTERIOR COMPARTMENTS ARE INTACT
IT'LL BE...DIFFICULT..TO REPORT THE LOSS OF HIS BEST CARGO SHIP TO THE GREAT KHAYUUM. OH, HE WON'T CARE ABOUT THE SHIP.. OR POOR, DEAD RICOTH ..OR POOR, LOST US!... BUT THE CARGO WE'RE CARRYING.. THAT HE MIGHT CARE ABOUT.
THE IMPERIAL SEAL IS ON THE BOX AND BREAKING THE SEAL IS A CRIME PUNISHABLE WITH DEATH! BUT IF THE LIFE-SUSTAINING MACHINERY HAS BEEN DAMAGED, THEN THE SOFT FEMININE STUFF INSIDE WILL COME OUT OF HER SLEEP AND SUFFOCATE!
A HARD CHOICE, EH, KID? EITHER WAY, THE GREAT KHAYUUM WILL HAVE OUR ASSES!

IF WE OPEN THE SEAL, AT LEAST THE KHAYUUM WILL HAVE HIS WOMAN ALIVE. AND IF WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE ON THIS DEAD PLANET, THEN WE'LL HAVE THE KHAYUUM'S WOMAN FOR OURSELVES.
FOR OURSELVES! I'VE GOT TO ADMIT... IT'S HARD TO BEAT YOUR LOGIC
SO?
BREAK THE SEAL!

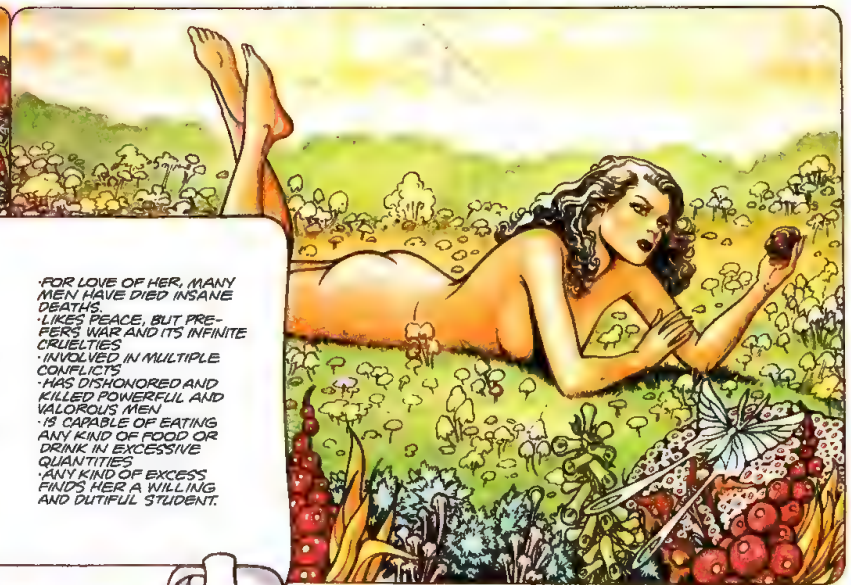
NO, THE BEAUTY OF A FIELD OF FLOWERS,
SPOTTED WITH CARMINE POPPIES,
RESTING UNDER GOLDEN SUNS OR
SILVER MOONS
CAN NOT COMPARE TO YOURS,
THE BILLION BLUES, GREENS, AND GRAYS
OF ANY OCEAN.. WHETHER CALM AND WARM
OR RAVAGED BY WINTER STORMS...
ARE DULL AND COLORLESS
BEFORE YOUR BRIGHT EYES,
MY RHEISA BEHLL.
IN THIS WAY, THE POET QUASHMODH
LOVED AND CELEBRATED RHEISA BEHLL
SHE TARRIED WITH HIM FOR MOST OF
A TERRAN YEAR

AHH, A PRINCESS FOR US SPACE-WEARY PRINCES!
SHE'S A REAL BEAUTY... KIDNAPPED FROM SOME FORGOTTEN PLANET, PUT INTO HYPER SLEEP, AND SENT ON HER WAY TO KHAYUM'S EVIL PLEASURE DOME
SHE MAY BE AN ANGEL OR SOMETHING OUT OF HELL. WHO CAN SAY?
THE TAPE CAN' SEEZ
YEAH I FORGOT IT'S THE GREAT KHAYUUM'S WAY OF BEING "INTRODUCED" BEFORE HE DECIDES WHAT PERVERSE THING HE MIGHT DO TO SUCH A BEAUTY AS THIS. I'LL PLAY THE TAPE...



RHEISA BEHLL... DANCER FROM MUPHLON
·HAS A PEDIGREE RICH WITH INTERBREEDING
·LOVES TO SING AND DANCE
·CAN PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
·SLEEPS WITH MEN AND WOMEN IN POSITIONS TOO NUMEROUS AND VARIED TO LIST
·DESPISES ALL FORMS OF RELIGION AND IS A SWORN ENEMY OF THE MOST WELL-KNOWN ULTRA-TERRESTRIAL CULTS

·FOR LOVE OF HER, MANY MEN HAVE DIED INSANE DEATHS.
·LIKES PEACE, BUT PREFERS WAR AND ITS INFINITE CRUELTIES
·INVOLVED IN MULTIPLE CONFLICTS
·HAS DISHONORED AND KILLED POWERFUL AND VALOROUS MEN
·IS CAPABLE OF EATING ANY KIND OF FOOD OR DRINK IN EXCESSIVE QUANTITIES
·ANY KIND OF EXCESS FINDS HER A WILLING AND DUTIFUL STUDENT.



WOW! THE GREAT KHAYUUM WOULD'VE HAD HIS HANDS FULL!
LOOK!
WHO AM I? WHERE
SHE'S GORGEOUS! TO HELL WITH KHAYUUM! IF WE'RE GOING TO DIE ON THIS LITTLE PLANETOID, LET'S GO OUT AS MEN! BREAK OUT THOSE CONTRABAND TEN-INCH VIBRO-MASSAGERS AND STRAP 'EM ON!
AND...
OKAY... I'LL GO FIRST. RANK HAS ITS PRIVILEGES... AND IF THE KHAYUUM HAS OUR HEADS FOR THIS, MINE WILL BE THE FIRST TO FALL!
OKAY, BABY... I'M NOT THE OLD KHAYUUM... BUT YOU WON'T CARE!
NO!... GET BACK, YOU SON OF A JACKAL! LEAVE ME ALONE!

A REAL HELLION, AREN'T YOU? WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE WORTH THE RISK. WE'RE BETTING WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE, YOU SEE 'CAUSE IF WE DON'T...
...WE'LL DIE IN THE GREAT KHAYUUM'S COURTYARD... AND WE'LL DIE HORRIBLY! MAYBE WE'LL BE CRUCIFIED! THE GUARDS MIGHT NAIL US TO CROSSED PIECES OF WOOD AND JUST LEAVE US HANGING THERE TO DIE A SLOW, LINGERING DEATH! THE LUCKY ONES WILL BE DISEMBOWELED, DYING IN AGONY, BUT AT LEAST DYING QUICKLY!... AND WATCHING THE MESSY SPECTACLE WILL BE MILLIONS OF CACKLING CROWS...

...AND THE GREAT KHAYUUM, HIS FACE A MASK OF FROZEN FLESH, TOTALLY EMOTIONLESS...AND SEETHING WITH HATRED.. HE'LL ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF OUR SUFFERING. ALL THIS COULD HAPPEN BECAUSE WE HAD A TASTE OF HIS CANDY..THAT'S YOU!

SO BE NICE, HUH? THINK OF IT AS AN HONOR AND~ HEY!
WATCH OUT, CHIEF! SHE IS ARMED AND DOESN'T SEEM ANY TOO WILLING. LET'S PIN HER DOWN! C'MON, GUYS!
BACK, I SAID... OR MY SWORD WILL CUT DEEP INTO YOUR FLESH!
TALK TO HER, CHIEF WE'LL GRAB HER!
AW, HONEY... LET'S NOT GET NASTY AND MAKE THINGS... TENSE. IF OUR LIFE-SUPPORT HOLDS UP, WE COULD BE HERE FOR YEARS! LET'S BE FRIENDLY... GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER!

JUMP HER!
STUPID MEN! YOU MAKE ME SICK! LET ME GO... OR YOU'LL DIE!
SHE'S HEADING FOR THE AIR-LOCK! GET HER! SHE CAN'T STOP US ALL!
MISSED! SHE SURE CAN MOVE! BUT NOW...
"BUT NOW..." NOTHING. I AM TIRED OF THIS! DIE, YOU FOOL! DIE!

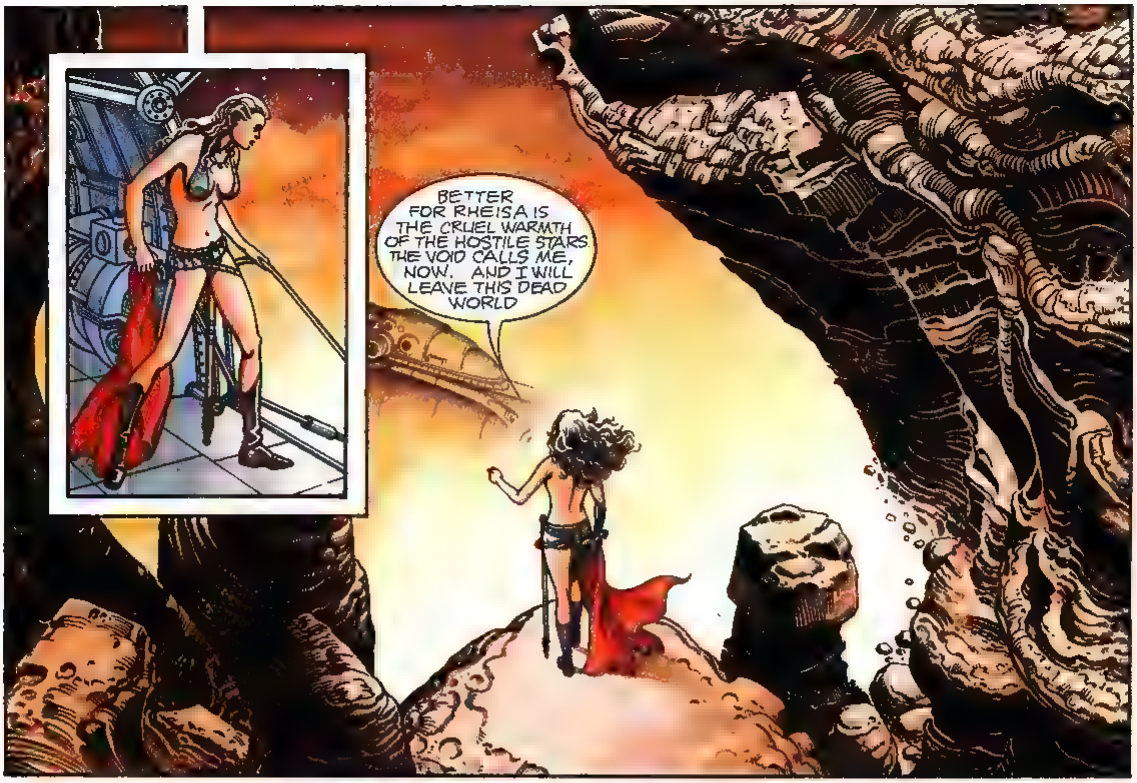
MY SENSES TELL ME YOU ARE A COWARDLY KILLER DIE LIKE ONE!
SHE'S KILLED MELOTH! THIS ISN'T A GAME ANYMORE! IF SHE DOESN'T GO ALONG WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO KILL HER!
HAH!
RHEISA BEHLL'S DEADLY BLADE IS A FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH AS THE CHIEF DISCOVERED.
AAH!
SO YOU WERE GOING TO USE YOUR SEXUAL TOYS ON ME, EH? BRAINLESS MEN! MY PLAY-THINGS BRING DEATH TO THOSE WHO WOULD TRIFLE WITH A BEING BEYOND THEIR UNDERSTANDING!

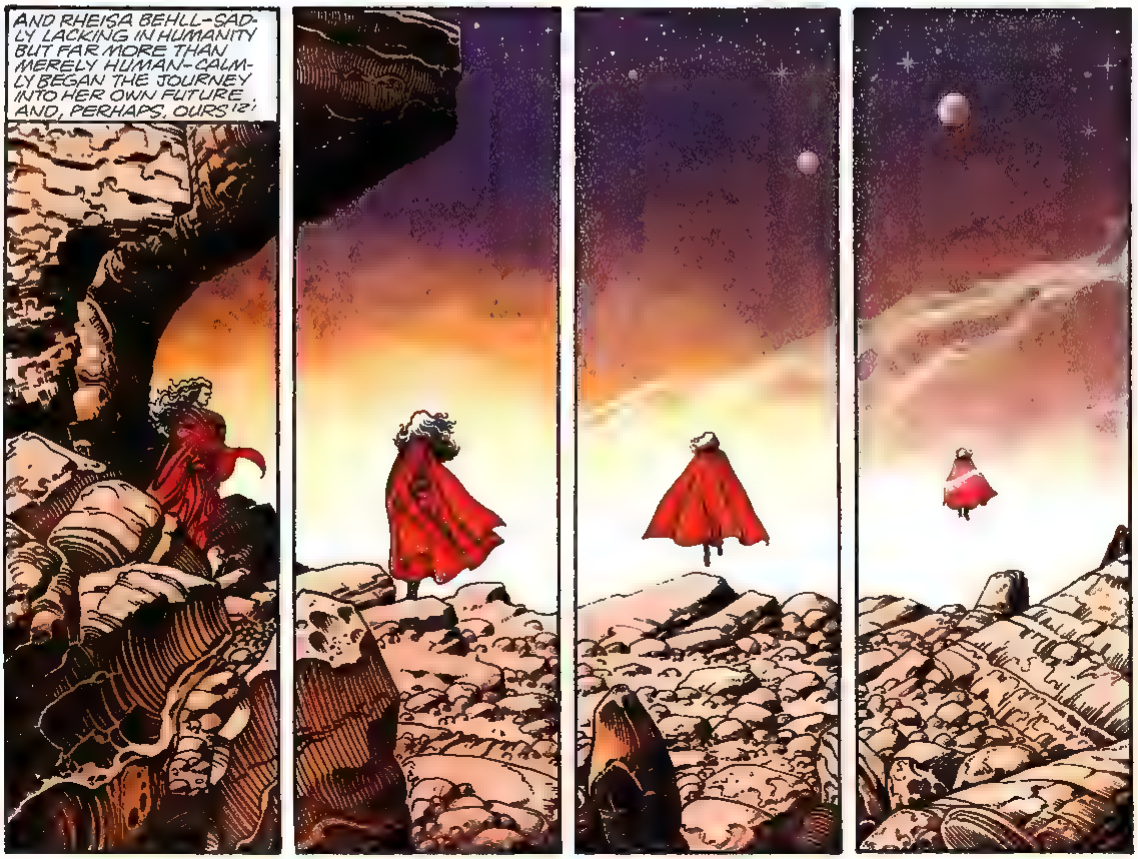
IT'S MY TURN NOW, YOU UNHOLY THING!
YOUR TURN TO DIE!
ALMOST TENDERLY, RHEISA GEHLL PICKED UP THE HEAD OF HER FALLEN FOE. BLOOD OOZED ONTO THE FLOOR.
YOU HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED TO A HELL OF YOUR OWN MAKING BY AN "UNHOLY THING"
WHO IS THE NEXT HUMAN MALE TO DIE BY MY HAND?

I... I DIDN'T WANT TO RAPE YOU! IT WAS THE OTHERS! I WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOU! NOT ME!
LIAR!
UHHN!
YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TO TEAR THE CLOTHING FROM MY BODY AND LEER AT MY NAKEDNESS.

ARE THERE NO OTHERS TO CHALLENGE THE WRATH OF RHEISA BEHLL?
NONE, FOR I SURRENDER TO YOU
I'VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU. AND NOW, WITH ONLY THE TWO OF US LEFT ON THIS HOSTILE WORLD... WELL... WE NEED ONE ANOTHER.
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL! I'LL NEVER LET ANY HARM COME TO YOU, RHEISA BEHLL!
AH!... A CALLOW YOUTH, UNARMED AND INNOCENT! I FEAR YOU FAR MORE THAN I WOULD FEAR A MILLION OF YOUR LATE COMPANIONS.
IT WAS BECAUSE OF ONE SUCH AS YOU THAT I CAME TO BE ON THIS SHIP, ON THE WAY TO THE EVIL..
...AND LECHEROUS KHAYUUM. I WAS BETRAYED BY A MORTAL I MET AND LOVED ON THE PLANET MUPHLON. HE WAS...SO MUCH LIKE YOU!

ONE DAY, I WILL KILL HIM. FOR NOW, YOU DIE!
BUT.. WHY?
BECAUSE I MUST NEVER AGAIN FORGET THAT I AM NOT A PART OF YOUR UGLY, BEAUTIFUL, GRAND AND PITIFUL HUMAN RACE.
I AM RHEISA BEHLL AND I AM AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF! I HAVE OTHER ROADS TO TRAVEL... ALL OF THEM AWAY FROM HUMAN FOLLY... AND HUMAN LOVE!
I AM RHEISA BEHLL... AND THAT IS ENOUGH!
IN THE FADING LIGHT OF HIS DYING EYES, THE YOUNGMAN (WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN LOST TO ANTIQUITY) SAW RHEISA BEHLL LEAVE THE STARSHIP


BETTER FOR RHEISA IS THE CRUEL WARMTH OF THE HOSTILE STARS THE VOID CALLS ME, NOW. AND I WILL LEAVE THIS DEAD WORLD


AND RHEISA BEHLL-SADLY LACKING IN HUMANITY BUT FAR MORE THAN MERELY HUMAN-CALMLY BEGAN THE JOURNEY INTO HER OWN FUTURE AND, PERHAPS, OURS [12]

Druillet & Bihannic present

THE STORY OF THE STONE CUBE

AFTER A LONG RIDE THROUGH THE DESERT— WHICH HIS MOUNT HAD, STRANGELY, NOT RESISTED-HURATH, PRINCE OF ALL THIEVES.. DYING FROM LACK OF WATER... FINALLY ARRIVED NEAR AN OASIS.

AH, JOY! LIFE IS REBORN! I WILL FINALLY BE ABLE TO QUENCH MY THIRST!...

...AND I CAN STOP CURSING THE GODS!

EH?

PUT ME DOWN, YOU STUPID MINERAL!

HAVE A CARE, STUPID MAN! TALK TO ME WITH RESPECT!

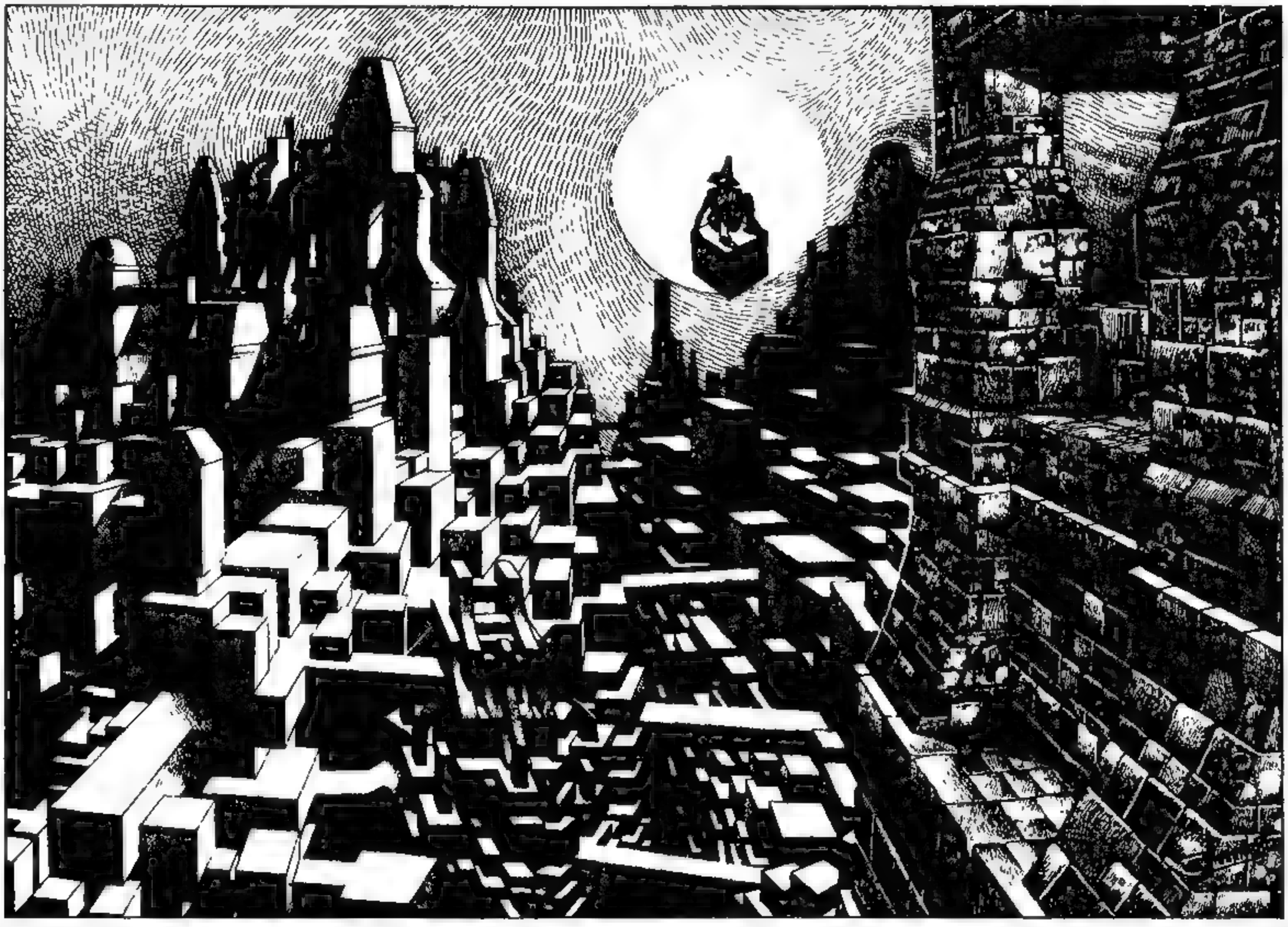
BY SAROZ, THIS STONE IS ... IS .. ALIVE!

IF NOT, MAYBE I'LL JUST DROP YOU.

OKAY, OKAY!...UH. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU SAID IT, MASTER THIEF!

TO MY PEOPLE!



EEEEEY !!!

ALL THIS BECAUSE I WANTED SOME WATER!

HURATH THE GREAT PRINCE OF THIEVES WILL NOT BOW DOWN TO A GROUP OF PEBBLES.

AAARRG!

DIE, STONE CUBE! DIE!

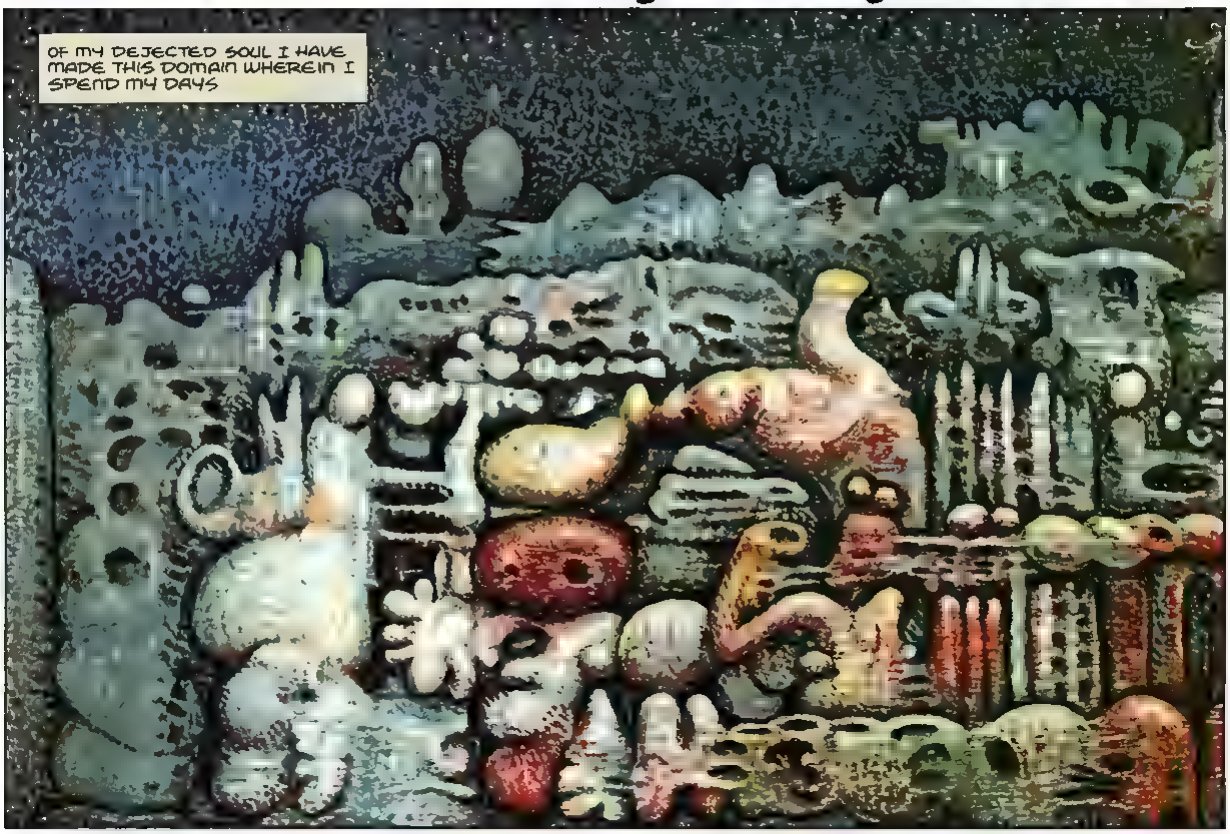
BLOOD! THERE'S BLOOD IN THE STONE!

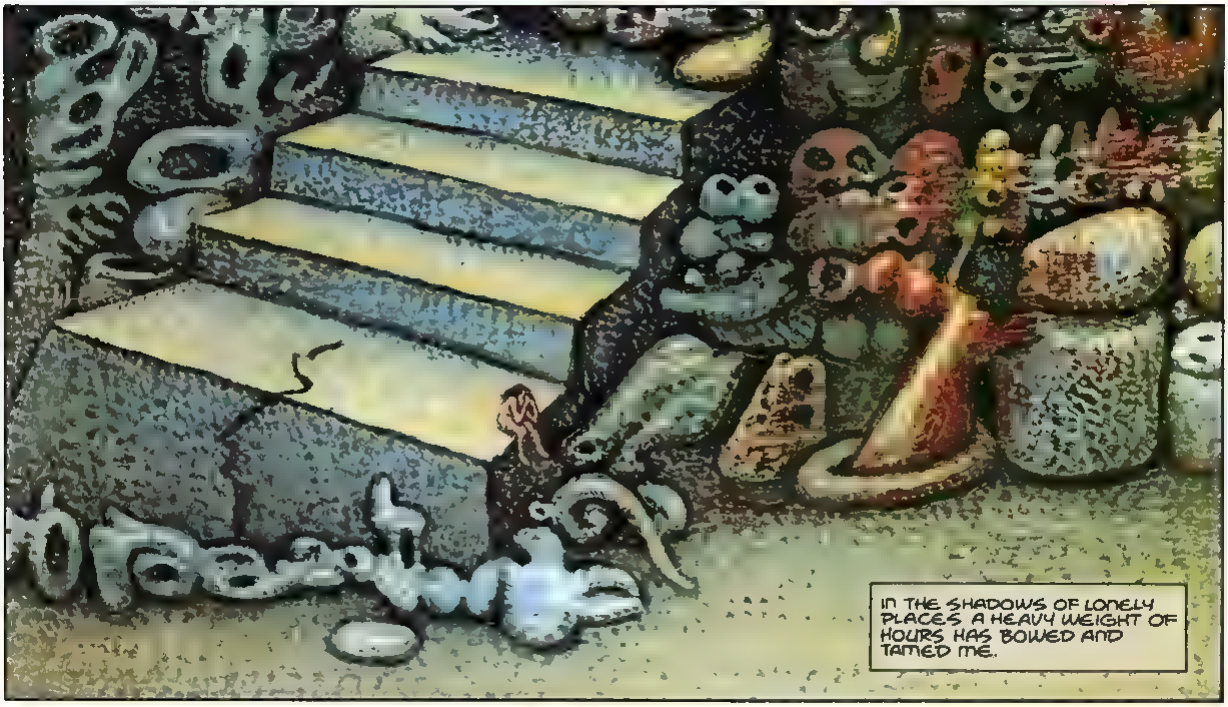
UMPF! DROWNING IN THE BLOOD OF STONES... LIKE SAND IN MY THROAT!

POP!

AND, INDEED, BEFORE HE DIED, HURATH REALIZED THAT HE DID HAVE SAND IN HIS THROAT. IN HIS FEVERISH NEED FOR WATER, HE HAD ONLY IMAGINED THE OASIS. THERE WAS NO OASIS. AND THERE WERE NO BLEEDING STONE CUBES... WERE THERE?

NIGHT by Terry Lindall





PURSUED BY DOUBTS, I FLEE. THE FACE OF EARTH HAS MADDENED ME.

AND IN MY DARKEST HOUR, I SUMMON NIGHT! FOR EVIL HAS NO POWER TO THOSE THAT SLEEP AND RATHER THAN LIVE I WOULD SLEEP
LULLED IN SOFT SLUMBER AND CARESS AS DARK AS DEATH, TO BE HELD IN NIGHT'S ECLIPSE, THE STREAM OF LETHE ISSUING FROM HIS LIPS.

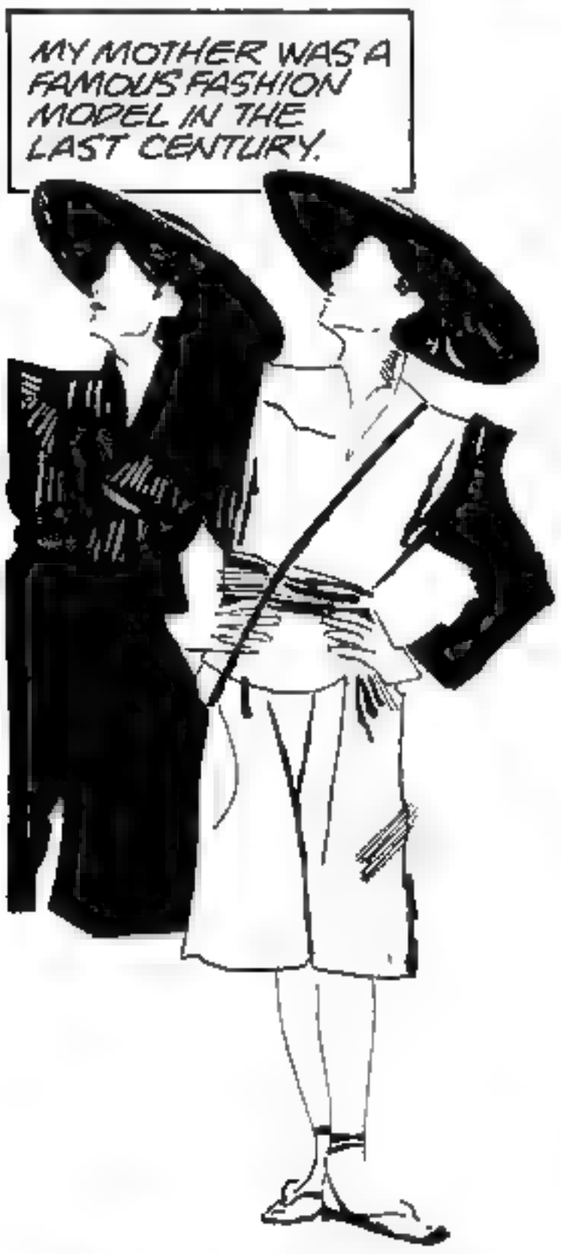
AND IN DREAMS MORE WILD THAN WERE EVER KNOWN, WE WILL RISE IN GRACEFUL BOUNDS UPON THE INCENSED BREATH OF NIGHT TO TOUCH THE FACE OF GOD.

ALL GRATITUDE TO BYRON, KEATS, AND...ESPECIALLY ..BAUDELAIRE.

MY MOTHER

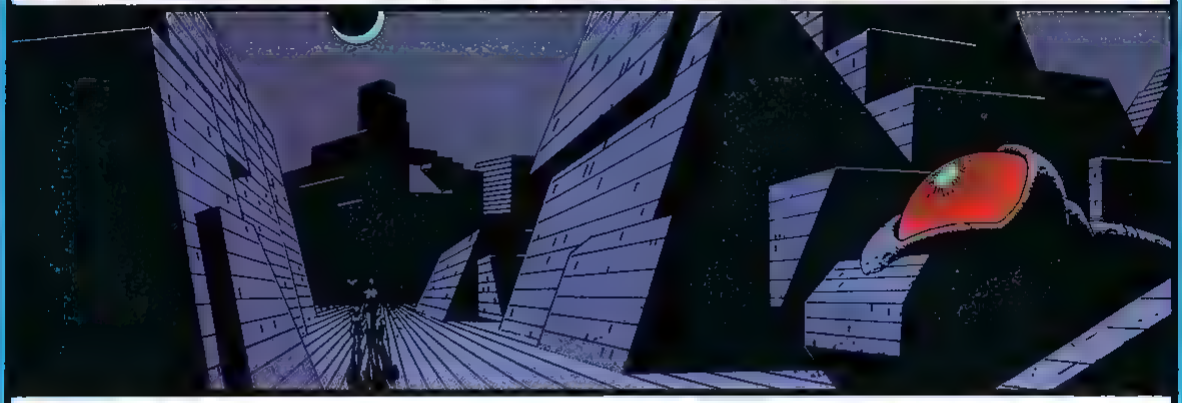
by michael simmons

art by origa

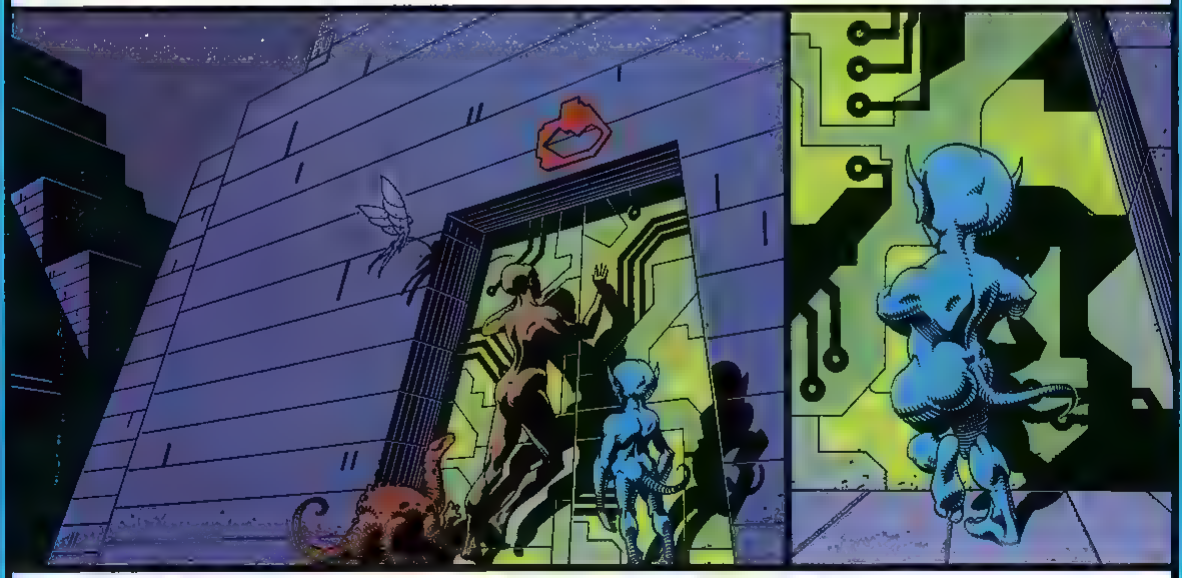


THE DREAMER

THE DREAMER MADE HIS HOME, DURING THAT TIME, UNDER THE CITY OF M'OM, IN THE DEEPEST PART OF ITS COLD CORRIDORS (WITH THEIR CERAMICS, NEON, AND CEMENT)



THE DREAMER POSSESSED BEAUTY EQUALLED ONLY BY THE ANCIENT GODS. IT WAS BELIEVED THAT HIS FACE WAS SCULPTED BY GIANTS. HE HAD A SLEEPING FACE, IMPRINTED WITH CALM AND SILENCE... WITH SERENE QUALITIES. OH, SO SERENE!

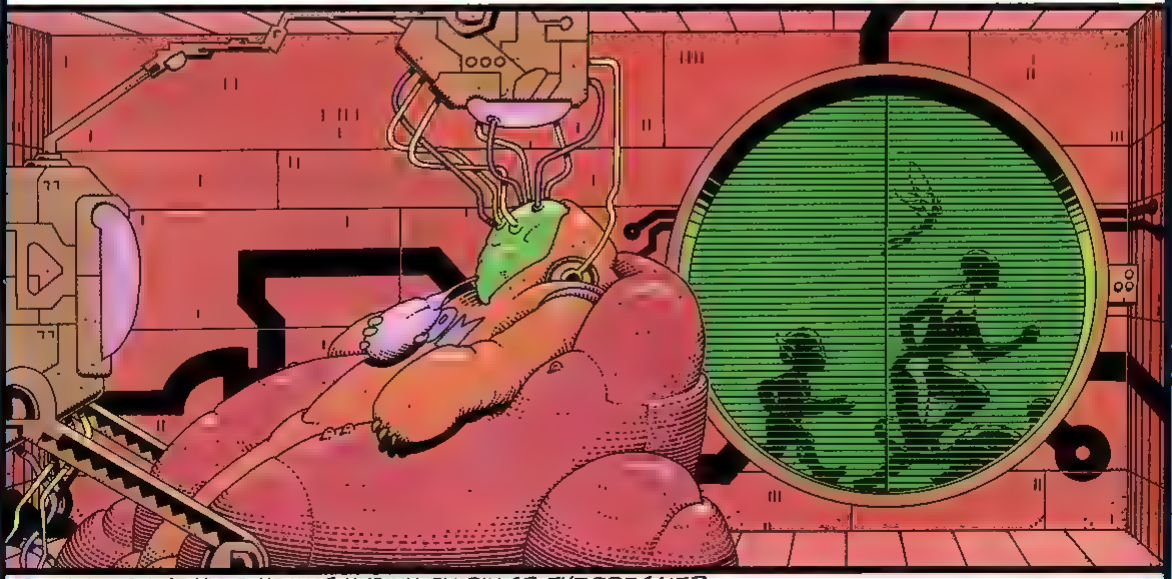


YES, PERHAPS THE DREAMER WAS GOD. MANY BELIEVED SO FROM HIS APPEARANCE ALONE. AND, OF COURSE, WE ALL KNOW OF THE POWERS HE POSSESSED.

HOWEVER **HOWEVER,** IT IS ALSO POSSIBLE THAT THE DREAMER WAS ONLY A GIGANTIC COMPUTER, MADE UP OF THOUSANDS OF ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS. [BUT WHY GIVE SUCH A FACE TO A MACHINE?]

OR PERHAPS [THERE ARE MANY POSSIBILITIES IN THIS TALE OF TALES.] HE REALLY WAS A HUMAN—OR PARTIALLY HUMAN. IN THOSE PERVERSE TIMES, FLESH AND METAL OFTEN MIXED IN UNBELIEVABLE SYMBIOSIS.

IN TRUTH, NONE OF THE INHABITANTS OF M'OM WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAY EXACTLY WHAT A COMPUTER WAS... OR A GOD... OR A HUMAN, FOR THAT MATTER. THIS WAS BECAUSE KNOWLEDGE, CONCENTRATED FOR SO LONG A TIME IN ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY, DISAPPEARED LITTLE BY LITTLE FROM THE MEMORY OF THE 'OMS. [AND BECAUSE OF THIS, MAN AT HIS MOST SIMPLE CAME TO BE KNOWN AS "OMNIAN".]



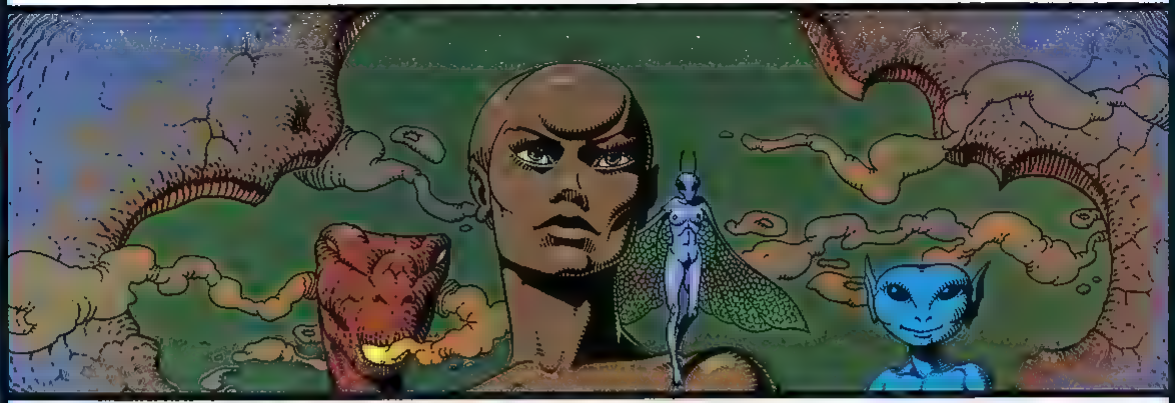
SO, AMONG THE 'OMS, HE WAS KNOWN SIMPLY AS THE DREAMER

2

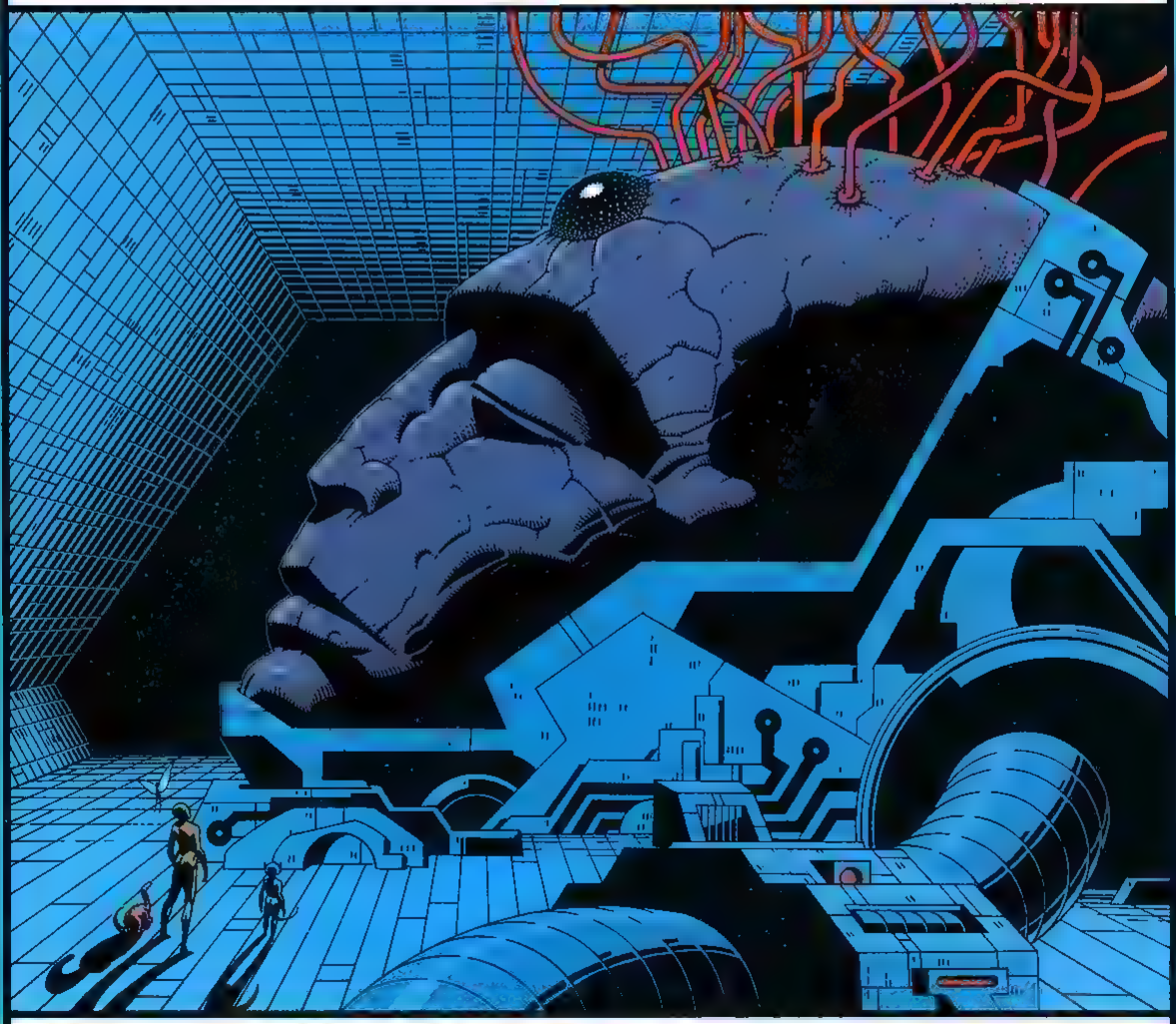
THE DREAMER, YES, BECAUSE IT WAS HE WHO DREAMED OF THE CITY OF M'OM IN ITS PERFECT STATE!
THE IMMOBILE DREAMER, ASLEEP UNDER HIS COVER OF LEAD, IN HIS DEEP CHAMBER
IN HIS DREAMS, THE DREAMER COULD PERCEIVE AN UNALTERABLE CITY, AN IMPASSIVE CITY, A PERFECT, REGULATED INSTITUTION... FROZEN IN AN ETERNAL EQUILIBRIUM - IT WAS THE STOPPAGE OF TIME - STASIS.
THAT IS WHY THE DREAMER CONTROLLED ALL MOVEMENT, ALL CHANGES. HE WAS KEPT INFORMED BY FEELERS, METERS, GAUGES - BIOLOGICAL, CHEMICAL, MECHANICAL, BIONIC - WHATEVER KIND OF SENSORS HE CORRECTED ANY ERRORS, REDUCED DEVIATIONS, AND REGULATED THE DAILY LIVES OF THE CITIZENS OF M'OM.
3

THE DREAMER SENT 'OMS INHIBITING DRUGS THROUGH THE MULTIPLE NERVES OF THE CITY. THAT IS WHERE THE DEFENSIVE IMAGES AND THE ORDERS, AND THE WAVES OF SILENCE CAME FROM
HE TRAPPED THOUGHTS, PROGRAMMED ACTS, AND SHEPHERDED THE DIRECTION OF THEIR THOUGHTS
IT WAS THROUGH THESE OMINOUS DRUGS THAT THE DREAMER KEPT THE 'OMS BUSY. THEY KNEW THEY WERE BEING MANIPULATED, BUT THEY COULD DO NOTHING
AND SO HE CONTROLLED EVEN THEIR SLEEP BY PENETRATING IT AND IMPREGNATING THE 'OMS WITH HIS OWN VICIOUS REVERIES AND DREAMS
4

AND THE DREAMER MOLDED THE CITY, SHAPING IT INTO THE FORM OF HIS DREAMS. IT BECAME A REPLICA OF HIS THOUGHTS. AND THE OMS? WELL, THEY BECAME PETRIFIED VEGETABLES IN HIS SENILE GARDEN



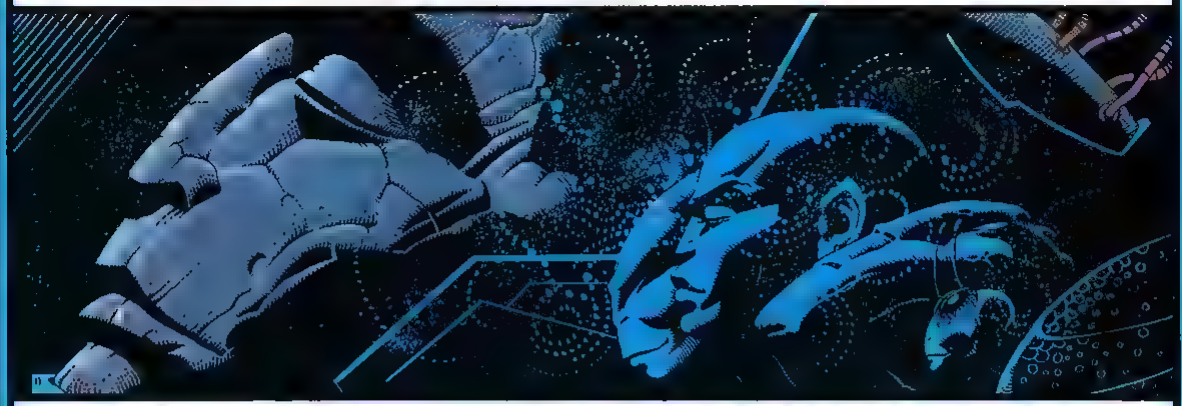
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, WALLS WERE RAISED, THE DEFENSES ERECTED, THE SCREENS OF NEGATIVE ENERGY ACCUMULATED IN MULTIPLE PROTECTIVE SHELLS.



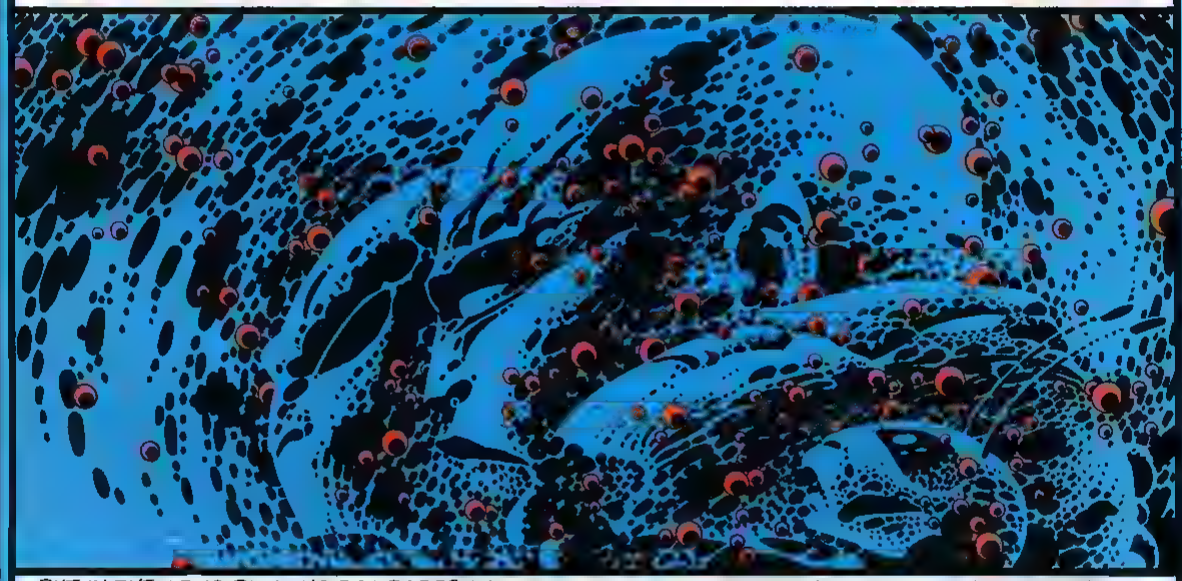
THIS WAS DONE IN ORDER TO KEEP THE PERFECT INTERIOR DREAM INTACT. THERE WAS NO WAY THE CITY OF M'OM COULD BE TROUBLED BY OUTSIDE AGITATION.

5

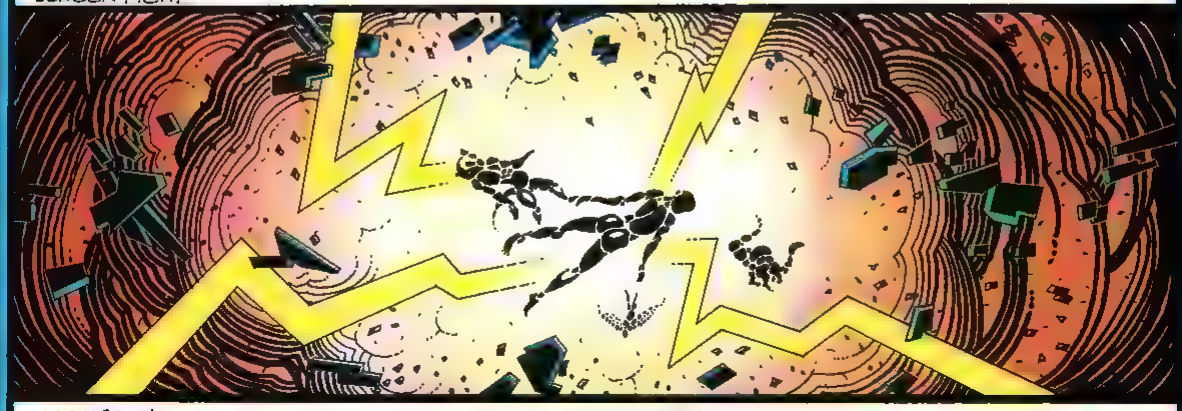
THE EXTERIOR OFTEN TAKES A BEATING, WHAT WITH THE FORCES OF CHANGE OUTWEIGHING THE PASSIVE ELEMENTS. BECAUSE OF THE FERTILE MANURE OF THE EXTERIOR, DEVIANTS PROLIFERATED, THE MASTERS REAPPEARED, AND THE MYTHS CAME TO LIFE ONCE AGAIN. SOME CALLED THEM THE IMAGINARIES, BUT THE DREAMER LIKED TO THINK OF THEM AS THE IMPATIENTS.



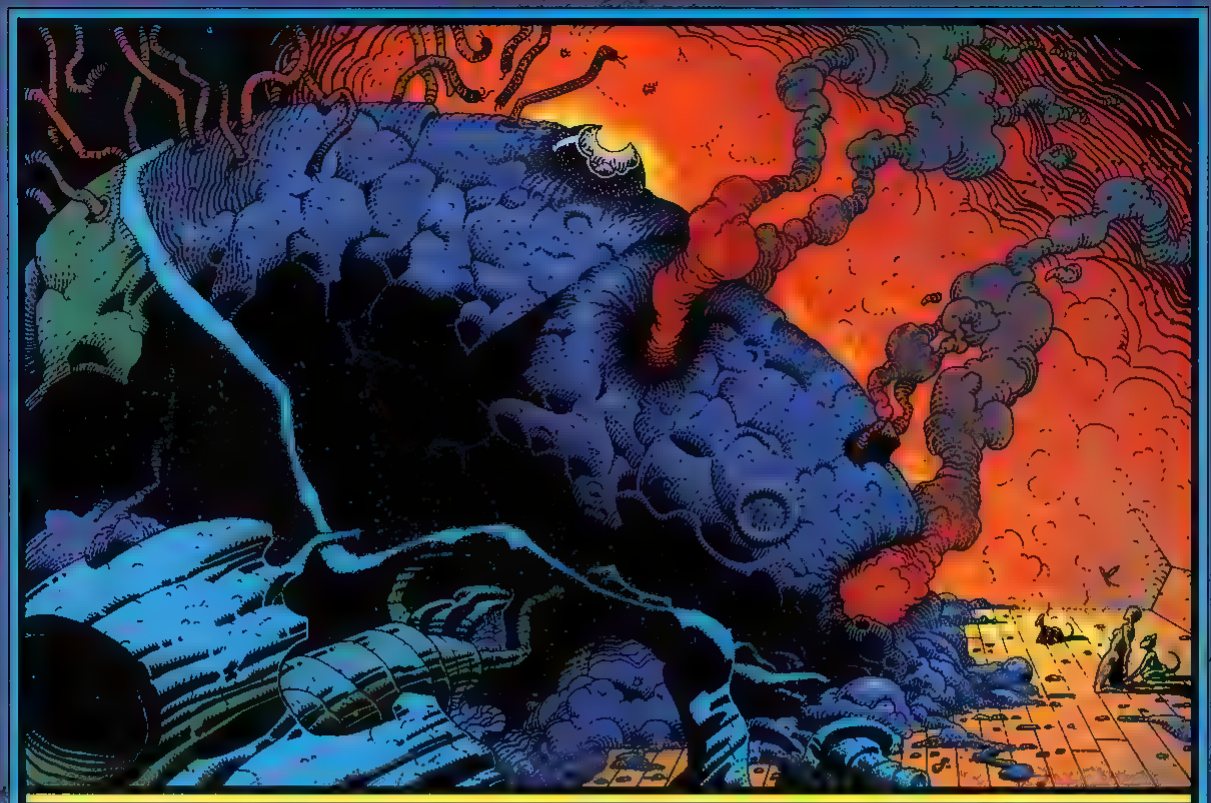
OF COURSE, THE DREAMER TRIED EVERY WAY HE COULD TO PREVENT THE INTRUSION OF THE OTHERS. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, HE SUCCEEDED IN THROWING THEM BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE EXTERIOR.



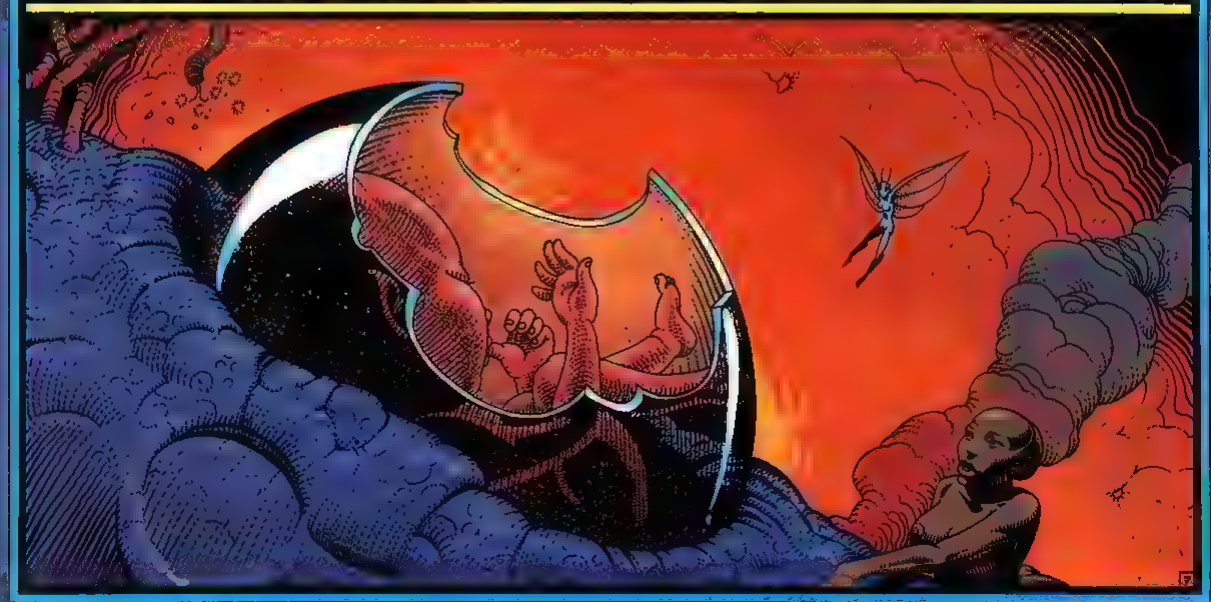
BUT IN THE LONG RUN, THE RAMPARTS PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT, THE BARRIERS USELESS, THE WEAPONS INEFFECTUAL. AND THE M'OMS—REMEMBER, THEY WERE PETRIFIED VEGETABLES—COULD NO LONGER FIGHT.

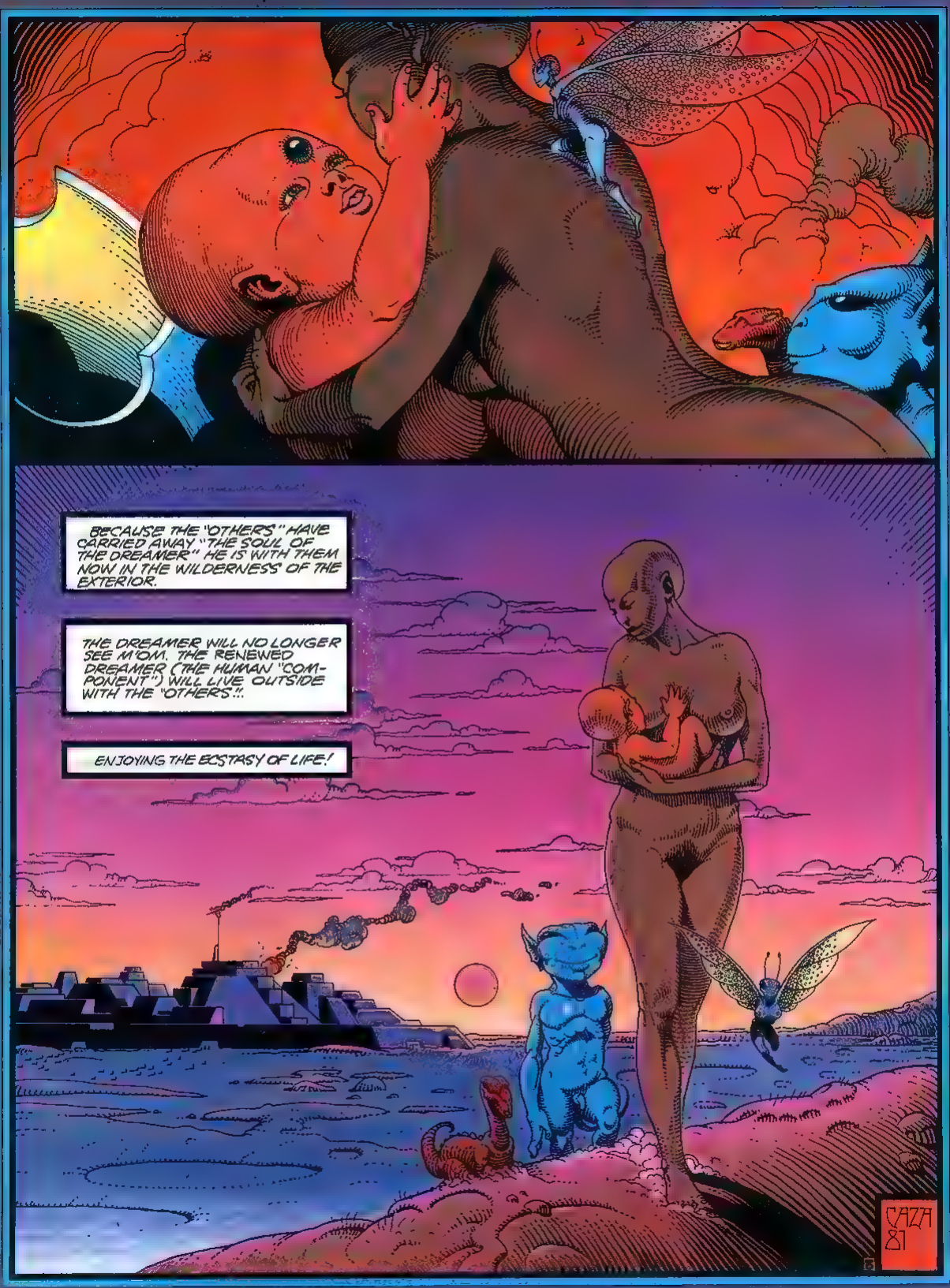


AGAINST THE FORCES OF THE OBSTINATE ONES, NO SHELTER WAS SACRED, NO SCREEN WAS A PERFECT SHIELD.



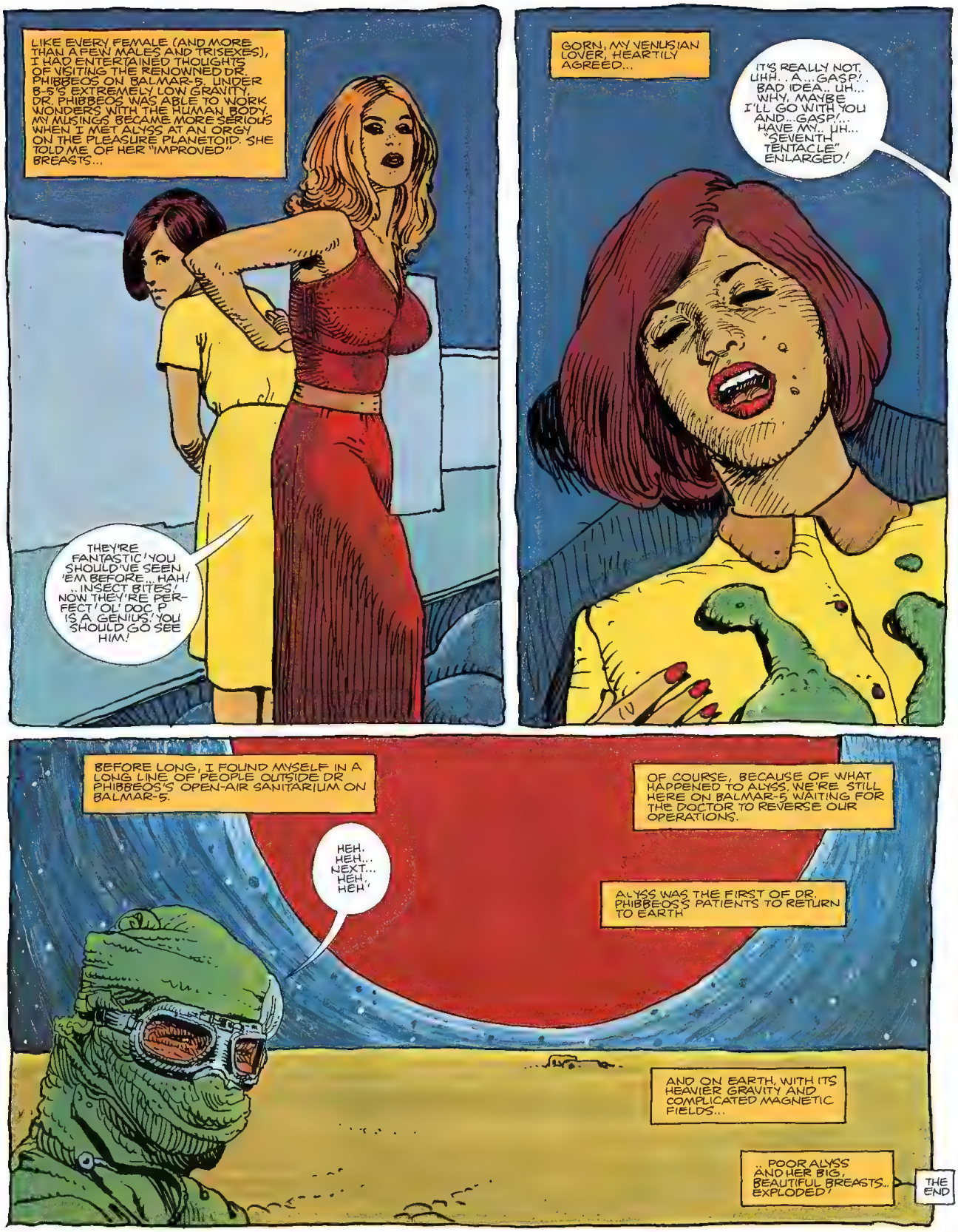
REPORT ON THE ABANDONMENT OF THE CITY OF M'OM BY ITS INHABITANTS.
AT THE 23RD HOUR OF THE 34TH DOGENAIR, IN THE YEAR 666 OF THE WORLD OF THE 'OMS, A GROUP OF UNCONTROLLED ELEMENTS (CALLED "OTHERS") PENETRATED THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY OF M'OM. IT IS UNDETERMINABLE AT THIS TIME HOW THIS HAPPENED. THE CERVO CONTROL CHAMBER [A.K.A. THE DREAMER] WAS INVADED. THE REPORT REMAINS SKETCHY, SINCE IT IS NOT KNOWN HOW THE INTRUDERS MANAGED TO SWITCH THEIR CERVO WITH M'OM'S CENTRAL CERVO. THIS CAUSED AN OVERLOAD, THUS HALTING ALL REGULATING FUNCTIONS OF THE CITY.
THE INHABITANTS HAVE ABANDONED THE CITY AND MOVED INTO THE EXTERIOR. AT THE PRESENT TIME, NONE OF THEM HAS BEEN TAKEN IN BY ANY OTHER CITY.
THE HUMAN COMPONENT OF THE CENTRAL CERVO [CALLED "THE SOUL OF THE DREAMER"] HAS YET TO BE FOUND.



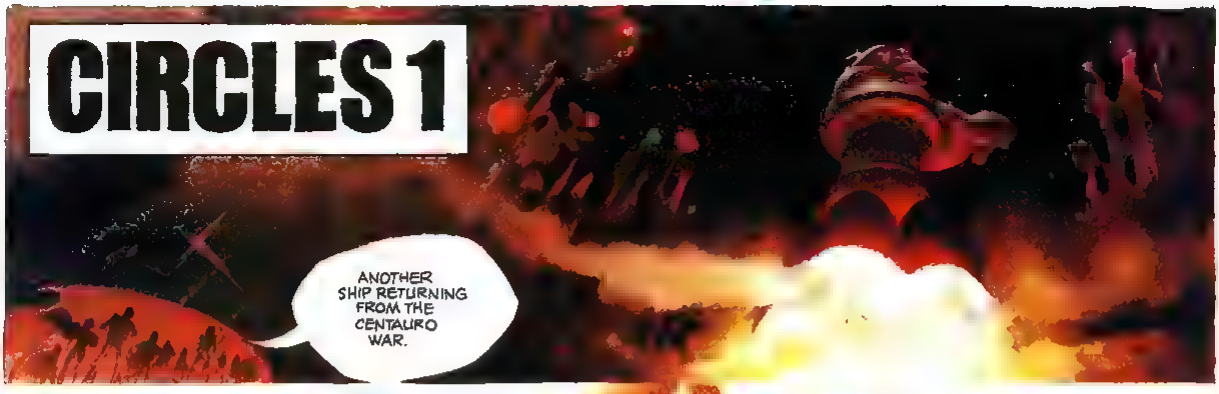

BECAUSE THE "OTHERS" HAVE CARRIED AWAY "THE SOUL OF THE DREAMER" HE IS WITH THEM NOW IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE EXTERIOR.
THE DREAMER WILL NO LONGER SEE M'OM. THE RENEWED DREAMER (THE HUMAN "COMPONENT") WILL LIVE OUTSIDE WITH THE "OTHERS"!!
ENJOYING THE ECSTASY OF LIFE!
CAZA 81

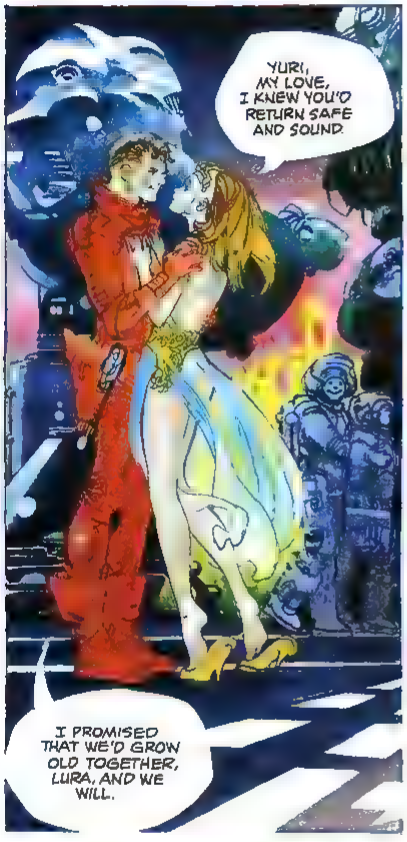
BLOW UP!

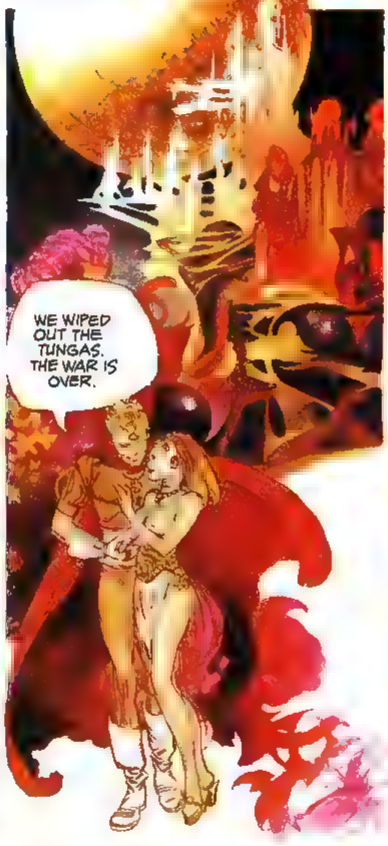
MOEBIUS/WORKMAN


LIKE EVERY FEMALE (AND MORE THAN A FEW MALES AND TRISEXES), I HAD ENTERTAINED THOUGHTS OF VISITING THE RENOWNED DR. PHIBBEOS ON BALMAR-5. UNDER B-5'S EXTREMELY LOW GRAVITY, DR. PHIBBEOS WAS ABLE TO WORK WONDERS WITH THE HUMAN BODY. MY MUSINGS BECAME MORE SERIOUS WHEN I MET ALYSS AT AN ORGY ON THE PLEASURE PLANETOID. SHE TOLD ME OF HER "IMPROVED" BREASTS...
THEY'RE FANTASTIC! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN 'EM BEFORE... HAH! ...INSECT BITES! NOW THEY'RE PERFECT! OL' DOC P IS A GENIUS! YOU SHOULD GO SEE HIM!
GORN, MY VENUSIAN LOVER, HEARTILY AGREED...
IT'S REALLY NOT. UHH.. A...GASP! BAD IDEA.. UH... WHY, MAYBE I'LL GO WITH YOU AND...GASP!... HAVE MY... UH... "SEVENTH TENTACLE" ENLARGED!
BEFORE LONG, I FOUND MYSELF IN A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE DR PHIBBEOS'S OPEN-AIR SANITARIUM ON BALMAR-5.
HEH. HEH... NEXT... HEH, HEH'
OF COURSE, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ALYSS, WE'RE STILL HERE ON BALMAR-5 WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR TO REVERSE OUR OPERATIONS.
ALYSS WAS THE FIRST OF DR. PHIBBEOS'S PATIENTS TO RETURN TO EARTH
AND ON EARTH, WITH ITS HEAVIER GRAVITY AND COMPLICATED MAGNETIC FIELDS...
...POOR ALYSS AND HER BIG, BEAUTIFUL BREASTS... EXPLODED!
THE END

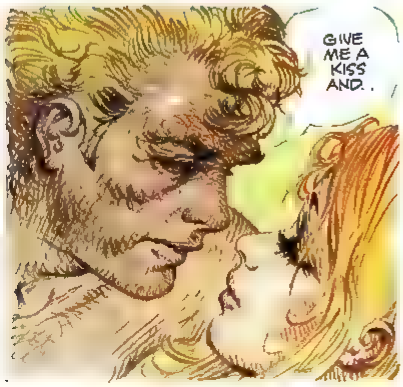
CIRCLES 1

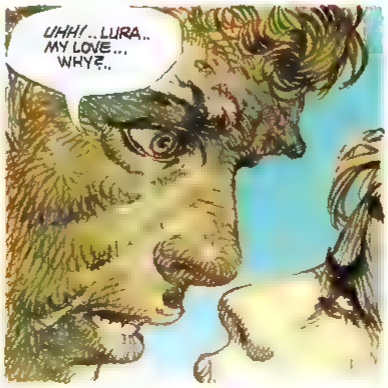

ANOTHER SHIP RETURNING FROM THE CENTAURO WAR.


YURI, MY LOVE, I KNEW YOU'D RETURN SAFE AND SOUND.
I PROMISED THAT WE'D GROW OLD TOGETHER, LURA, AND WE WILL.

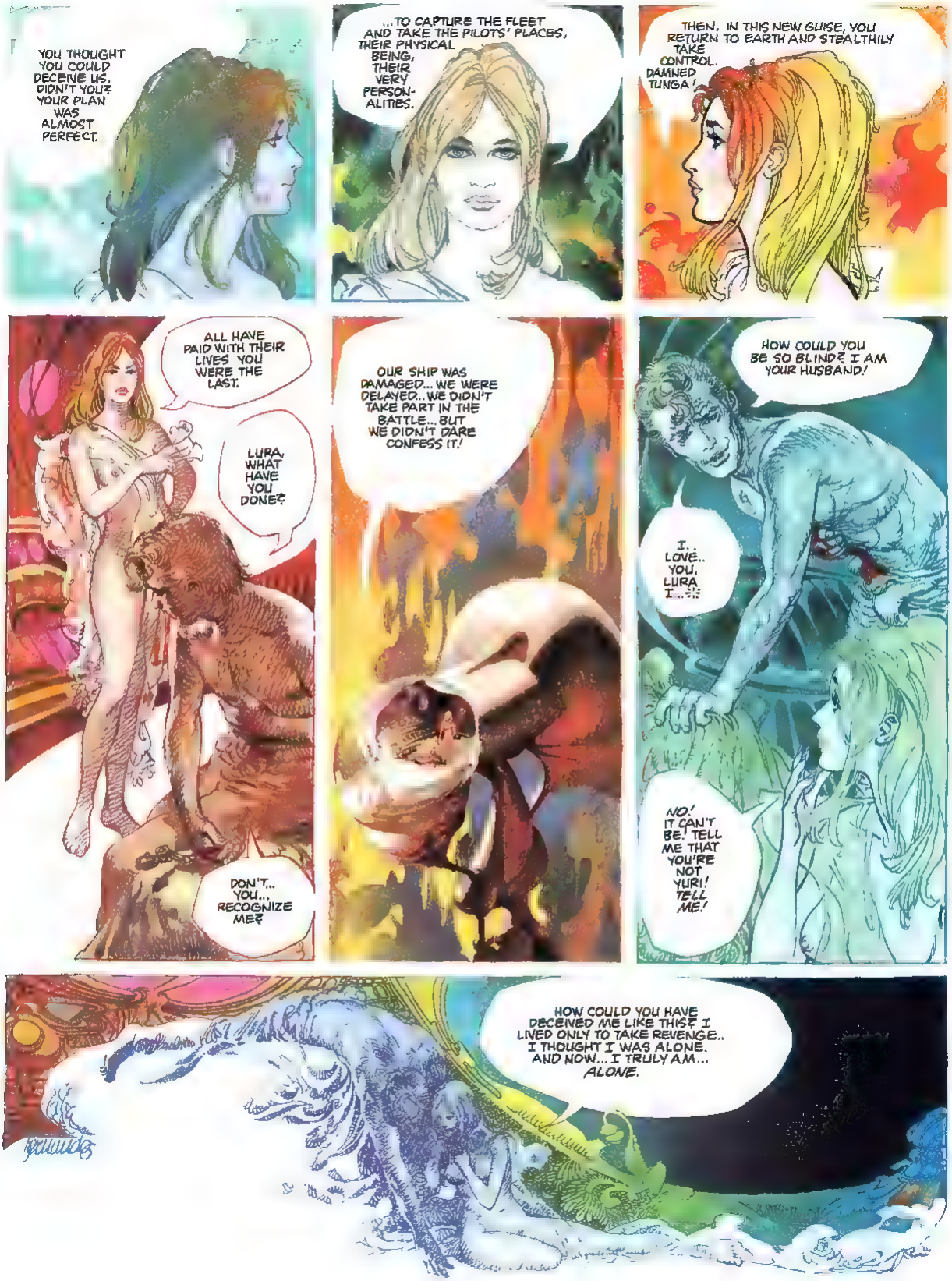

WE WIPED OUT THE TUNGAS. THE WAR IS OVER.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MANY TIMES I'VE DREAMED OF THIS MOMENT.
I WAS OBSESSED WITH YOUR RETURN.

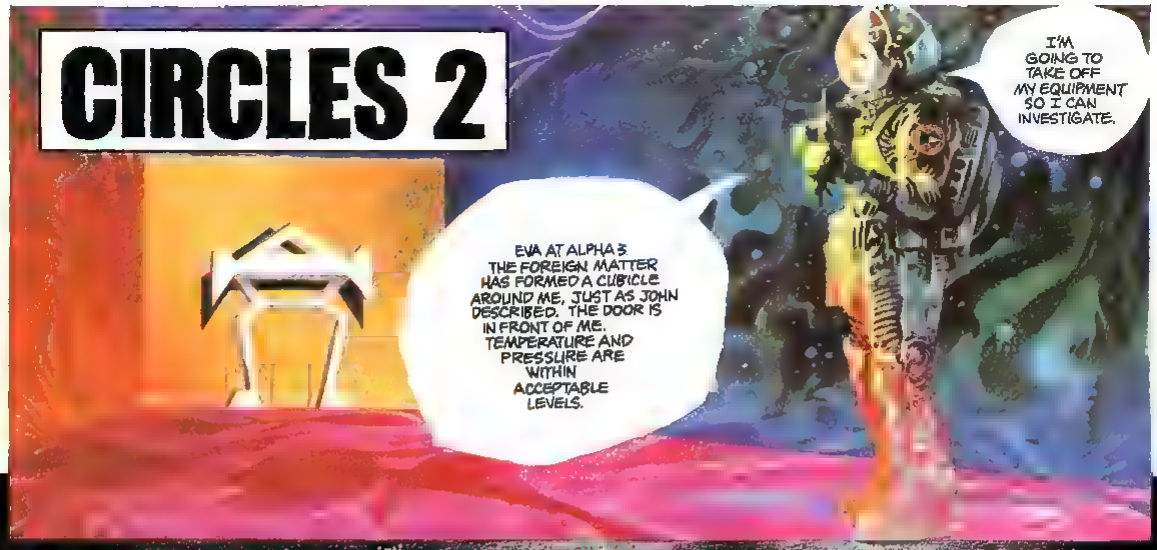

GIVE ME A KISS AND. .

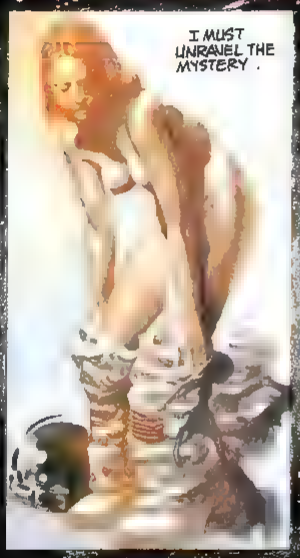

UHH!.. LURA.. MY LOVE... WHY?..

...WHY DID YOU...? HOW COULD YOU...?


YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD DECEIVE US, DIDN'T YOU? YOUR PLAN WAS ALMOST PERFECT.
...TO CAPTURE THE FLEET AND TAKE THE PILOTS' PLACES, THEIR PHYSICAL BEING, THEIR VERY PERSONALITIES.
THEN, IN THIS NEW GUISE, YOU RETURN TO EARTH AND STEALTHILY TAKE CONTROL.
DAMNED TUNGA!
ALL HAVE PAID WITH THEIR LIVES YOU WERE THE LAST.
LURA, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
DON'T... YOU... RECOGNIZE ME?
OUR SHIP WAS DAMAGED... WE WERE DELAYED... WE DIDN'T TAKE PART IN THE BATTLE... BUT WE DIDN'T DARE CONFESS IT!
HOW COULD YOU BE SO BLIND? I AM YOUR HUSBAND!
I.. LOVE.. YOU, LURA I...
NO! IT CAN'T BE! TELL ME THAT YOU'RE NOT YURI! TELL ME!
HOW COULD YOU HAVE DECEIVED ME LIKE THIS? I LIVED ONLY TO TAKE REVENGE.. I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE. AND NOW... I TRULY AM... ALONE.

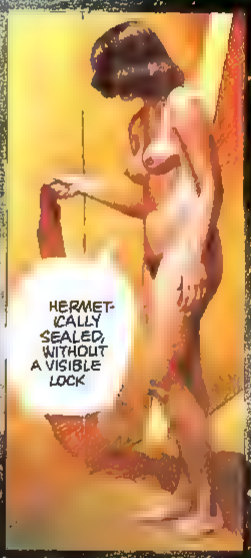
CIRCLES 2


I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF MY EQUIPMENT SO I CAN INVESTIGATE.
EVA AT ALPHA 3 THE FOREIGN MATTER HAS FORMED A CUBICLE AROUND ME, JUST AS JOHN DESCRIBED. THE DOOR IS IN FRONT OF ME. TEMPERATURE AND PRESSURE ARE WITHIN ACCEPTABLE LEVELS.


I MUST UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY .

. OF THE FORMATION OF THIS CUBICLE AND THE DISAPPEAR-ANCES OF JOHN AND DOUGLAS

I'LL EX-AMINE THE DOOR


HERMET-ICALLY SEALED, WITHOUT A VISIBLE LOCK

FOR THE MOMENT, IRVING, WE'LL CONCEN-TRATE ON TRACING EVA'S VITAL BIORHYTHMS.
IT'S ALL WE CAN DO. I SUPPOSE WE MONITORED JOHN AND DOUGLAS, TOO... UNTIL WE LOST THEM.

IT WON'T BUDGE.
WHY IS THIS CLOSED? DAMNED THING!
IT'S USELESS! I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH!
BUT WE KNOW THAT JOHN WAS ABLE TO... HOW? HOW?
HE MUST HAVE SOMETHING THAT'S HIDDEN... A LOCK OR A SPRING... SOMETHING! BUT I DON'T SEE...
..AH! .THE SEAM IS WIDER HERE. MY NAILS CAN FIT IN!
IF THE VITAL BIOLOGICAL SIGNS SHOW WEAKNESS, BUT NO CHANGE IN NORMAL RHYTHM, THE METABOLISM CAN CHANGE AND THE SUBJECT STILL WON'T DIE AS LONG AS SHE DOESN'T MOVE FARTHER AWAY.
WHERE COULD SHE POSSIBLY GO? WE HAVE THE CUBICLE IN VIEW. IT HASN'T MOVED MORE THAN A METER SINCE EVA WENT IN, NOR DID IT WHEN JOHN AND DOUGLAS OCCUPIED IT.

I'M STAYING WITH IT. IT'S SLOWLY OPENING.
THE SEAM HAS LOST ITS HARDNESS... AND IT'S SECRETING A STRANGE, SLIMY LIQUID. IT FEELS LIKE BLOOD.
I CAN SQUEEZE MY HAND IN.
HOW BIG WILL THE OPENING GET?
AHA! I'VE GOTTEN THROUGH!
I CAN'T SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE, BUT IF MY HEAD FITS, MAYBE MY BODY WILL GO THROUGH.
THERE! I MADE IT!
COULD THIS CUBICLE BE SOME SORT OF.. DOOR, IRVING?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS A DOOR! TO WHERE? YOU ARE A QUALIFIED TECHNICIAN THIS IS NO CASE OF IMAGINARY DIMENSIONS, OF PARALLEL UNIVERSES, AND OTHER TRIFLES OF PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?
IT FELT AS IF MY MIND SEPARATED FROM MY BODY WHEN I PASSED THROUGH THE WALL. WHAT A STRANGE SENSATION!
IT'S LIKE A VORTEX OF ENERGY.
LUCKILY, NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME.
NOW I KNOW HOW TO GET THROUGH THE OTHER DOOR.
RED ALERT. YOUR COMMANDER IS SPEAKING. WE ARE EXPERIENCING A STRANGE PHENOMENON OUR SYSTEMS ARE BLOCKED, AS IF SOMETHING IS ISOLATING US FROM THE ENVIRONMENT. PREPARE FOR AN EXTERIOR SURVEY.
WE'LL BEGIN AGAIN BY ENLARGING THE CRACK.

CIRCLES 3

Gods!
We bring forth sons,
We inhabit the earth
Until our wombs
Become sterile...
Like shells, hard
And dusty.
You forgot us,
Gods!
Gods!
You said
You will be gallant,
Proud of your race.
But they are born weak
and fearful
And wander, disoriented.
Have pity on them...
on us...
Gods!
Leave us.
As the last task,
Guide us
To the Supreme
Knowledge.

And in vain
They will cry out...
will attempt
To warn
Man
Against fear...
Fear of the unknown,
Fear of freedom,
Fear of life,
Fear of death,
Fear of the Gods!

The link
With the origin
Was broken
And the men
Will create
Other god's
In their image
And likeness.
Gods that protect,
prohibit,
articulate,
measure,
threaten,
legislate,
reward,
punish,
dogmatize,
Gods of love-terror.
Gods of loyalty.
Gods of order.
Gods?

Gods!
Men
Are our sons...
ARE OUR SONS!
Why do you ignore our pleas?
If gods are strength,
life,
love,
justice,
As they say...
...the gods,
as always,
don't respond.

CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE
WATER-CLEAR-WATER-FRESH-WATER-PURIFYING-WATER-LIVING-WATER.
AIR-LIGHT-HEAT-WELL-BEING-CONSCIOUS-OF-EXISTING-JOY-OF-LIVING.

LOTHAA! THE MAN WAS WAITING-FOR MHAGAA?
SEVERAL-MEETINGS-ALREADY-EMOTION
LOTHAA HAS BEEN LOOK-ING FOR THE WO-MAN FOR A LONG T.ME
MHAGAA WANTED TO SEE THE MAN A-GAIN.. BUT A-FRAID AT THE SAME TIME!
LOTHA HAP-PY TO FIND MHAGAA SO BEAU-TI-FUL A-GAIN!
BEAU-TI-FUL MHAGAA? THE MAN FOUND LOTHAA BEAU-TI-FUL, ALSO.

AH.. MHAGAA NO LONGER ALONE NOW.!.
NEVER ALONE A-GAIN! THE WO-MAN AND THE MAN WILL SLEEP TO-GETHER!
LIPS-PARTLY-OVER-IRRESISTIBLE-LOVING-EMBRACE-EMBRACE.
FEVERISH-BODY-BURNING-FLESH-ARDENT-PASSION-FUROR-OF-THE-SENSES-FLASHING-RISE-OF-PLEASURE-

BUT THERE IS TROUBLE IN PARADISE!
THERE THEY ARE! CATCH, OCTO, CATCH!
AAAAHH! MHAGAA FOR-GOT ABOUT THE MUTA!
SURPRISE-PANIC-AGONY-SWEAT-COLD-RUN.
SWISS
NO! NO!
TERROR-PANIC-DESPERATE-FLIGHT-CHASE-RUN-GET-AWAY.

AARGH!
FLAP
FLOP-FLAP
FLOP FLOP
NO, NO! NOT THAT! STOP! GET OFF OF HER, OCTO! GET OFF!
YOU STUPID, VICIOUS, AND PERVERSE BEAST! TO ABUSE AN INFERIOR CREATURE... AREN'T YOU ASHAMED? FIND THEIR TRAIL, CATCH THEM, AND PARALYZE THEM! THAT'S ALL WE ASK OF YOU! UNDERSTAND? NOW, HURRY!... THE MALE WILL SLIP AWAY UNDER YOUR NOSE!
SLURP
5

HOW IS SHE? OCTO DIDN'T DESTROY HER, DID HE?
NO, MASTER. THE LITTLE FEMALE HAS ONLY FAINTED.
IT'S SAD, I KNOW. BUT WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? THEIR MONSTROUS UGLINESS FRIGHTENS OUR CHILDREN... AND THEY DO CONSTITUTE A REAL DANGER!

IT'S DIFFICULT TO ADMIT THAT OUR ANCESTORS RESEMBLED THESE PATHETIC BEINGS BUT ALL EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT OUR FORE-FATHERS BUILT THESE THINGS...THESE... "ANDROIDS". IN THEIR OWN IMAGE.' WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY INTENDED! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT.
NOW THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO MATE!... AND THEY'RE MANIFESTING OTHER DISQUIETING ANCIENT HUMAN TRAITS LIKE THE SEARCH FOR LOVE AND FOR PLEASURE... ALL OUTMODED AND IMMORAL IN OUR PRESENT SOCIETY
AH, WELL.. ORDER AND MORALITY MUST BE GUARANTEED' DISMEMBER THAT THING AND PUT THE PIECES IN THE FIRE.. JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!
Ottaviani Sapienza '81
7

HEY, YOU PUNK!

ARM YOURSELF, CITIZEN! THAT IS YOUR ONE AND ONLY GUARANTEE OF FREEDOM!

ZORAN VANJA

BUT...

...REMEMBER...

...THIS...

ZORAN BI

...BE SURE THAT YOUR OPPONENT DIES WITH GUN IN HAND. THEN IT'S SELF-DEFENSE.

YOU ARE FREE TO KILL ANY PERSON WHO DRAWS A WEAPON...

...EVEN... BLAT BLAT BLAT

...AND THIS PART IS VERY IMPORTANT...

...EVEN IF THIS PERSON IS A COP! IT'S ONE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PILLARS OF OUR DEMOCRATIC POLITICAL SYSTEM. AND NOW, A WORD FROM...

...SMYTHE AND WASSON, MAKERS OF FINE FIRE-ARMS WITH WHICH YOU CAN SHOOT ANY FAT, UGLY, ARMED CNIL SERVANT WHO TRIES TO BOSS YOU AROUND.

BLAM

YSKRA? IT'S YER FRIENDLY IN-FORMER...

LASZLO. YOU PIG! YOU BETTER HAVE A REAL GOOD REASON FOR CALLING AT THIS HOUR!

BE NICE, PRIN-CESS. I GOT A FRESH WARRANT, ISSUED A FEW MINUTES AGO. YOU GET FIRST CRACK AT THE GUY... I GET MY SEVEN PER-CENT OF THE REWARD... OKAY?

SEVEN-? YOU CROOKED COP! IT'S FIVE PER-CENT OR YOU COLLECT THE REWARD YOUR-SELF... IF YOU CAN!

EASY, YSKRA! I WAS ONLY JOK-ING! IT'S FIVE PERCENT. I'LL BRING OVER THE WAR-RANT RIGHT AWAY.

YOU BITCH!

DON'T COME IN... JUST PUT IT IN MY MAIL BOX! :CLICK:

OL' LASZLO. WE CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON HIM, SABOO. MMMM... HURRY UP, NOW... OH, YES!... AND FINISH. WE HAVE A BUSY DAY ...UH... COMING UP... AHH... AND BE SURE TO WASH THE... UH... DISHES BEFORE YOU COME... MM... TO BED!

...SHOOT HIM! SHOOT HIM! THAT'S DEMOCRA-CY! BUT... IF YOU WANT TO SHOOT HIM DEAD, BE SURE...

YSKRA, YOU LUCKY WENCH!... WHEN ANYONE WOULD GIVE ANYTHING FOR A GREAT HOUSE-KEEPER OR A GREAT LOVER, YOU HAVE BOTH OF THEM!... AND HIS NAME IS SAAA-BOOO!!!

...SO BE SURE TO HAVE ONE OF *OUR* GUNS IN *YOUR* ARSENAL! CLOT AND SONS ...THE FINEST GUNS IN TOWN!

ZORAN '87

I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST SHOTS IN THIS WHOLE GARBAGE CITY, JONAS SMITH. HEH HEH!

ARM YOURSELF CITIZEN

ARM YOURSELF

BUY.. BUY.. BUY CLOT & SON GUNS.. GUNS

20M RMP

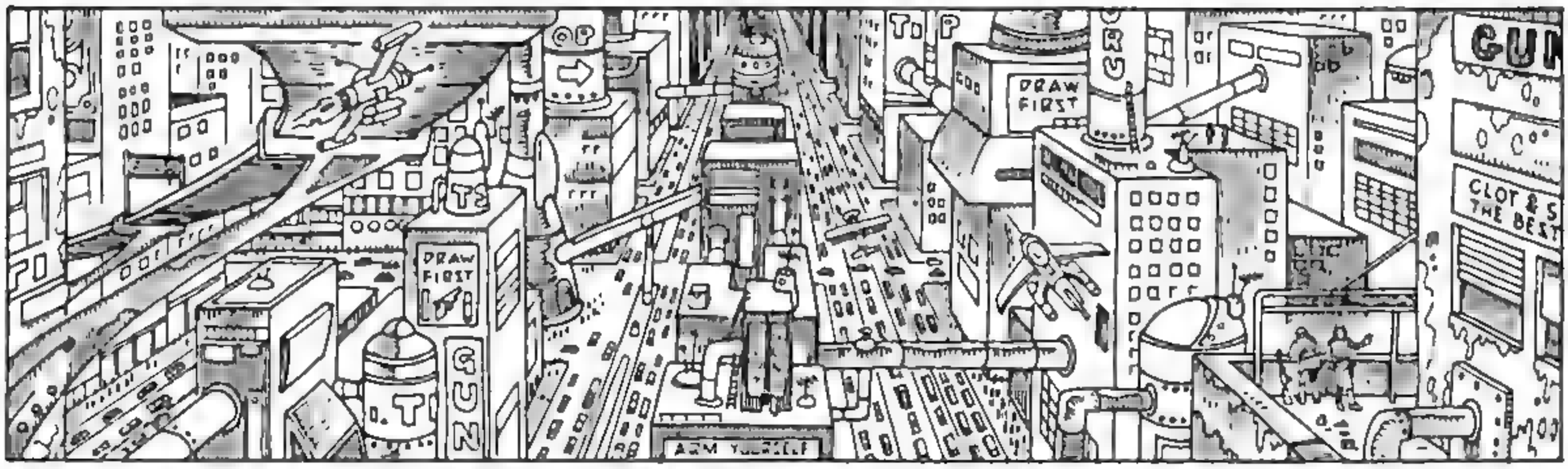
COLT

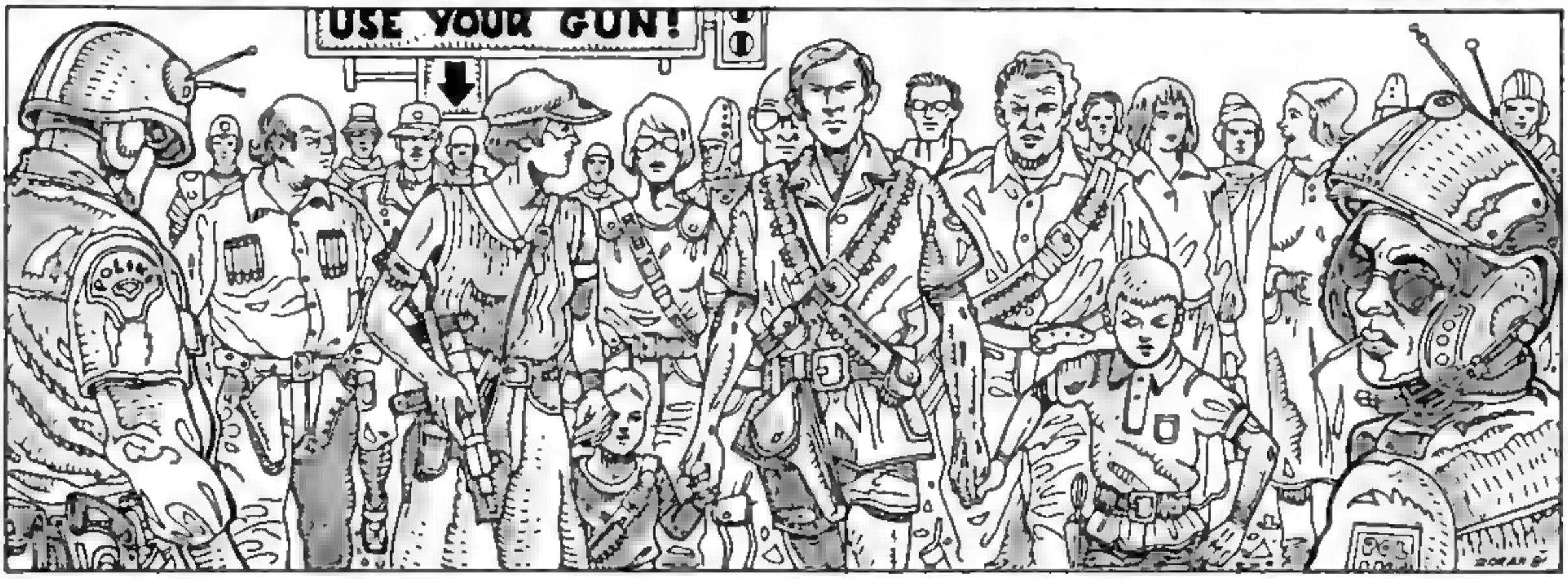
GUN

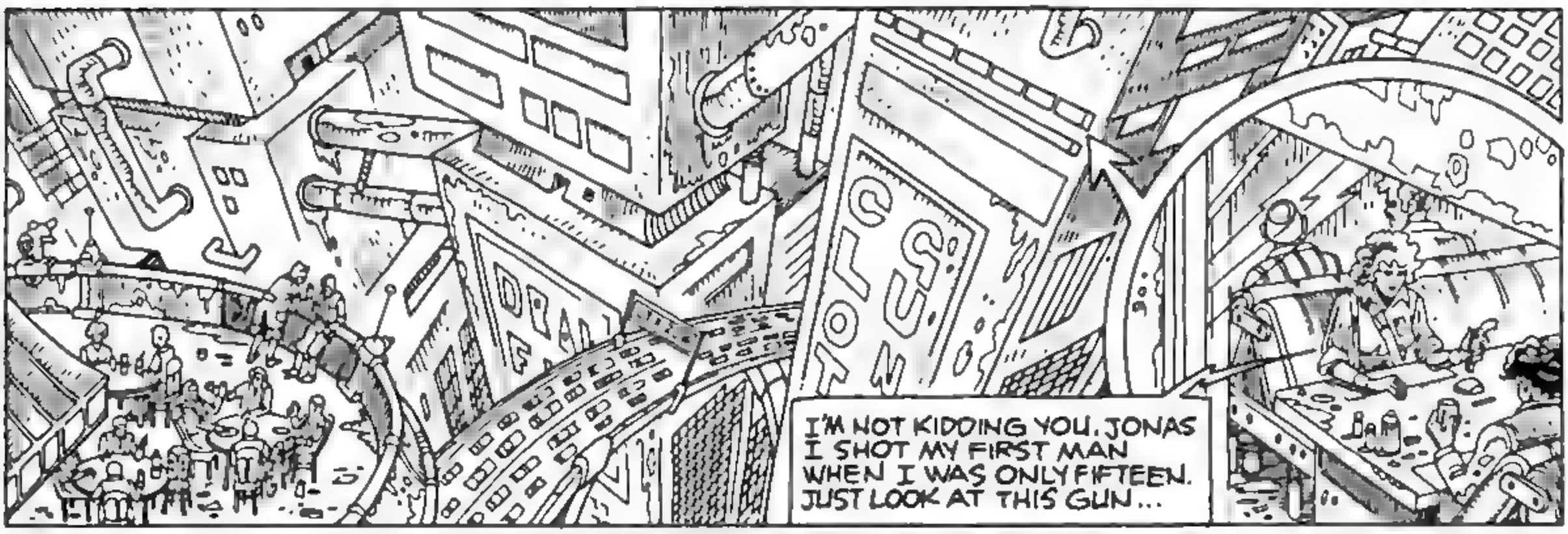
DRAW FIRST

PRACTICE!

3


DRAW FIRST
GUN
D.T.
DRAW FIRST
CLOT & SON
THE BEST


USE YOUR GUN!


I'M NOT KIDDING YOU, JONAS I SHOT MY FIRST MAN WHEN I WAS ONLY FIFTEEN. JUST LOOK AT THIS GUN...

...NINE NOTCHES FOR NINE CLOWNS WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE FASTER THAN ME!
DRAW FIRST
CLOT & SON
LUNCH TIME...
I'M IMPRESSED.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, JONAS?

WELL, GLORIA, MINE IS A DIFFER-ENT STORY.

THE OFFICE GOSSIP... ABOUT YOUR *NEVER* HAVING KILLED ANYONE... IT'S... TRUE?!?

YES!...YES IT IS... AND I'M TIRED OF BEING LAUGHED AT BEHIND MY BACK. EVERYONE DOES!... EVEN...EVEN YOU, GLORIA.

1. CLASS CLERK

ZORAN

YOU KNOW WHY I HAVEN'T GOTTEN MY FIRST MAN YET? HUH? IT'S BECAUSE *I* WANT SOME-THING ***BIG*** FOR MY FIRST KILL... A ***COP*** OR A ***BOUNTY HUNTER!***

SMITH IS A MORON!

DO YOU ***HEAR ME,*** ALL OF YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU THAT JONAS SMITH IS ***SOMEBODY!***

CALM DOWN, JONAS. WE ALL LOVE YOU.

YOU'LL SEE, GLORIA. I HAVE PLANS. YOU'LL SEE... SOON...!

HEY, YOU PUNK! YOU WITH THE FOXY LADY! ***YOU'RE MY MAN!***

BH

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE

IT'S THE ***BOUNTY HUNTRESS!***

PERFECT! JUST LIKE I PLANNED! HAH!

5.

YOU'RE WANTED DEAD OR ALNE, JONAS SMITH. WILL YOU GIVE ME YOUR GUN AND COME WITH US TO THE COPS OR...

BH

D

E

GEE!...A DUEL WITH THE BOUNTY HUNTRESS IN FRONT OF ALL MY FRIEND'S!...IT'S A DREAM COME TRUE!

HOPE SHE'S GOOD!

REACH FOR IT, LADY.

I HAVE TO CONCENTRATE... BE REAL COOL AND...

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

JONAS SMITH 500 ₹

HAH! YOU GUYS... OFFICE CLERKS, PLUMBERS, TAXI DRIVERS, ENGINEERS... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN A PRO? YOU PRACTICE AND PRACTICE AND MAYBE YOU KILL A FEW OTHER AMATEURS...AND YOU GET TO THINKING YOU'RE REALLY HOT STUFF. WELL, YOU'RE ***WRONG,*** JONAS, BABY! NOW... DROP THE GUN, CUT THE CRAP, AND LET'S GO. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST ***ME!***

...NOW!

RAW FIRST !

NO... IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! I'M ONE OF THE BEST...

...IN THIS... GARBAGE CITY...!

TAKE THE CORPSE, SABOO. WE NEED IT TO COLLECT OUR CASH!

JONAS...JONAS, HONEY...?!? OH, NO!

YOU SLUT!...

COOL IT, SIS-TER. I'VE NOTHING AGAINST YOU!

WHAT... WHAT WAS HE WANTED FOR?

READ THE PAPER, GLORIA.

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

500Z

NAME: JONAS SMITH
DESCRIPTION OF
VIOLATION: THE
ABOVE-MENTIONED
REFUSED TO
SETTLE A TRAFFIC
TICKET BY PAYING
THE AMOUNT OF
20Z.

·THE END·

VAL LAKEY LINDAHN AND RON LINDAHN PRESENT

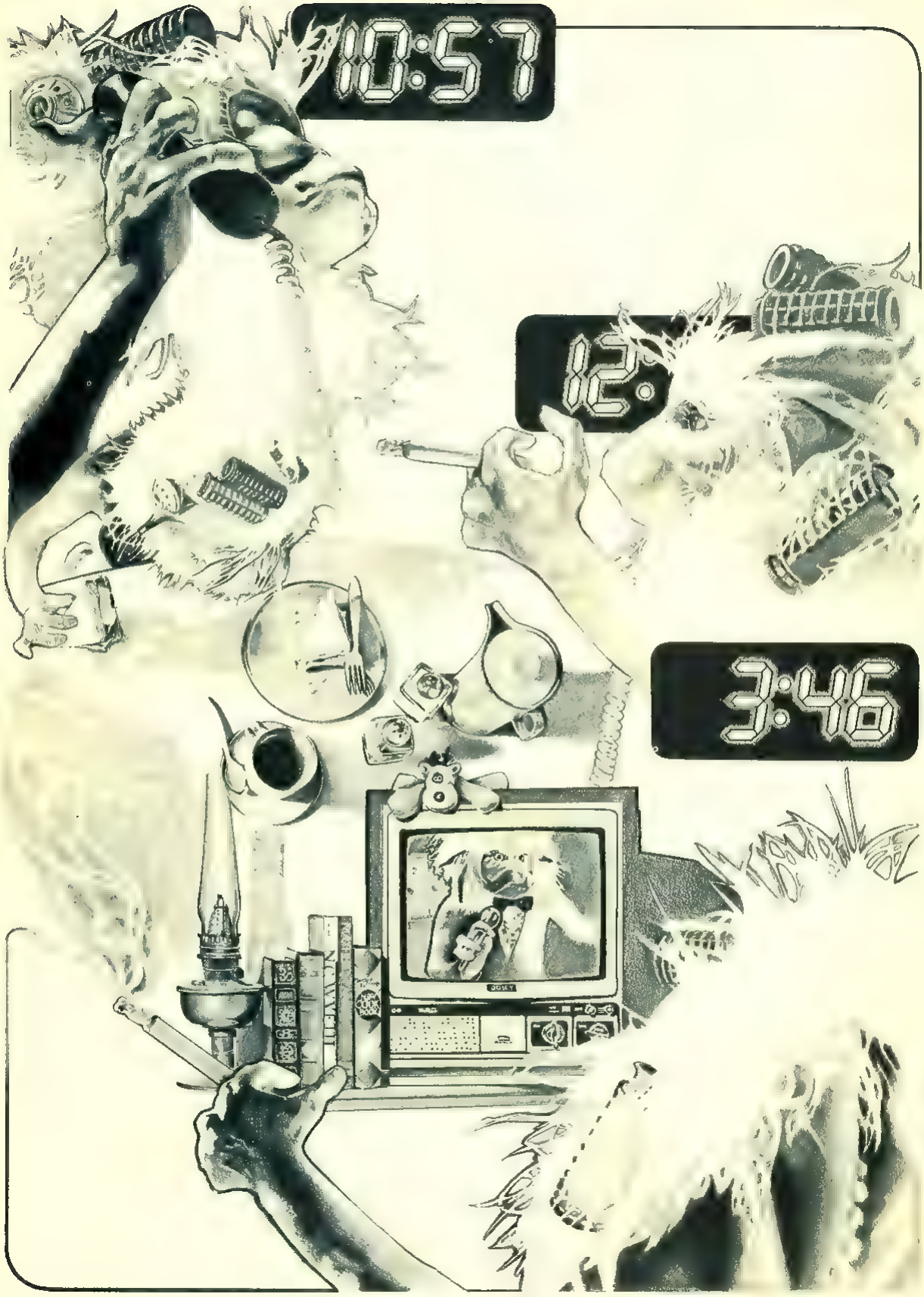
LIFE WITH LEONARD

SEE YOU AFTER THE GAME, DEAR . . .

"THE SILLIEST WOMAN CAN MANAGE A CLEVER MAN; BUT IT NEEDS A VERY CLEVER WOMAN TO MANAGE A FOOL!"
Rudyard Kipling

THIS EPISODE:
A DAY AT THE BALLPARK.

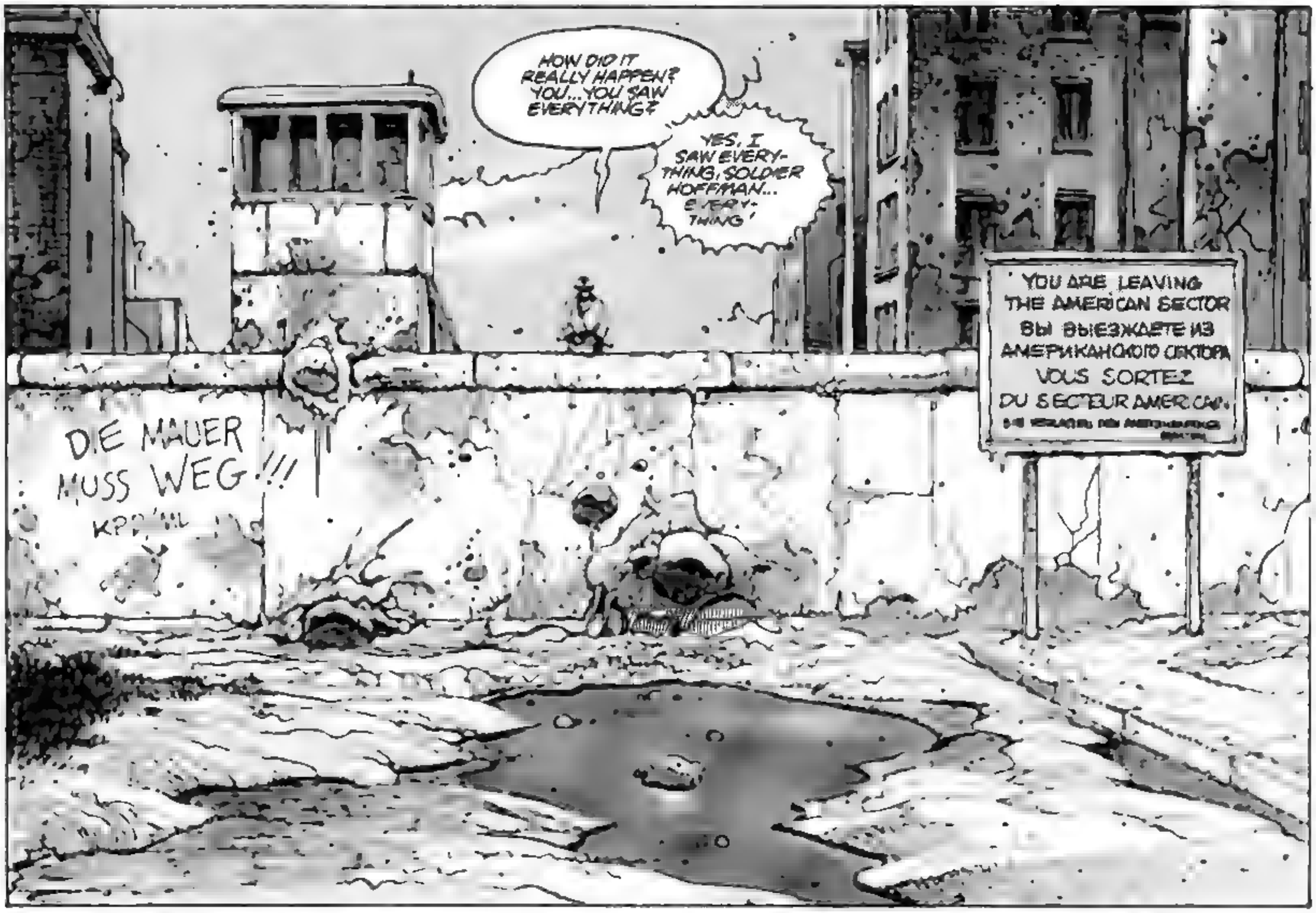
SLAM!
8:02
FINE . . . I'LL BE HERE.
8:03
9:46
FLAGG


10:57
12:
3:46

4:07
4:0
5:39

I ALWAYS HAVE TO WATCH THE KIDS.
6:24

OVER THE WALL


HOW DID IT REALLY HAPPEN? YOU... YOU SAW EVERYTHING?
YES, I SAW EVERY-THING, SOLDIER HOFFMAN... EVERY-THING!
DIE MAUER MUSS WEG!!!
YOU ARE LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR
Вы выезжаете из американского сектора
VOUS SORTEZ DU SECTEUR AMERICAIN

AND I SURVIVED ONLY BECAUSE I WAS ON DUTY DOWN IN THE FOURTH UNDERGROUND LEVEL!
PROBABLY!.. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WORKINGS OF THE NEW PLEUTRON BOMBS
IT'S ALL MINE!

WHO COULD HAVE BEEN STUPID ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY PUSH THE BUTTON?
ULTIMATELY THAT'S NOT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING. THINK OF THE STUPIDITY WHICH LED YOU HUMANS TO INVENT THAT BOMB... OR TO BUILD ME!
YOU TALK SO
YES!... AND REALLY, IT WASN'T THE BOMB THAT EVAPORATED THIS BUILDING IT WAS HUMANITY'S STUPIDITY! BRAVO

IT'S INSANE, ALL THE

EFFECT DUE TO THE STICKY HAZE OF MORNING OVER THE CI

I SAW THE PASSERS-BY DIS-INTEGRATE IN SLOW MOTION..

BEEN WIPED AWAY BY AN

KUBRICK WOULD HAVE ENJOYED FILMING IT.

YEAH... BUT, HOFFMAN, TO GET BACK TO YOUR STUPIDITY... SINCE 1961, THE YEAR I WAS ERECTED

CAUSE I'M A TR

VERY IMPORTANT TO ME THAT YOU, AT LEAST, SURVIVED.

HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE ACROSS THE WAY! LOOKS LIKE A GIRL!

POLIZEI SPERRE

HEY, MISS!... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HILDA!... HILDA SCHMIDT! ...AND YOU?

ME? I'M PETER. CORPORAL PETER HOFFMAN! UH... ARE YOU ALONE?

OH, YES! ALL ALONE!... AND I'M SO AFRAID! AND YOU? ARE YOU ALONE?

YES! YES I AM! WE MUST BE THE ONLY SURVIVORS!

YES

I'D SAY THAT MAYBE THIS IS THE TIME TO INITIATE THE REUNIFICATION OF EAST AND WEST?!

I WAS ABOUT TO SUGGEST IT TO YOU, PETER!...

HEAR THAT, WALL? WE'RE GOING TO REUNITE THIS CITY AND MAYBE START A NEW, BETTER WORLD! THE GUNS, THE RAZOR WIRE, THE OBSERVATION POSTS, THE LANDMINES, THEY'RE ALL FINISHED IN THE END. THE BOMB DID SOME GOOD!

DON'T DO THIS TO ME, HOFFMAN! YOUR PLACE IS HERE... ON ME!

BUT SHE MIGHT BE THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH! COME ON... TELL ME... WHERE'S THE SAFEST PLACE TO CROSS? HUH? AT STATION FOUR OR FIVE?...
NO, RIGHT HERE!

BAOUM

GO GET 'HER!

FLYING BOMBS
MEADE!
RRRPTTT...AAAW...PTT..PTTRRRW...
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, BUDDY I JUST BOUGHT SOME TRULY FINE MARIJUANA FROM A RAT FACED NATIVE HAHA!
WHAT A PAIN IN THE ASS THAT COLONEL IS CAUSE OF HIM, WE'VE GOTTA GO ON ANOTHER GODDAMNED BOMBING MISSION!
HEY! YOU GUYS ARE LATE
COMICS BY...
MAX
PIERRE QUIN
SUPER STAR MARINE ROSTER
GO GET 'EM, FLYING BOMBS! GET THIS THING OFF THE GROUND!
TRUST US, CHIEF THOSE DAMNED JAPS ARE AS GOOD AS DEAD!
WE'LL STOMP 'EM!
I HOPE THEY DON'T COME BACK ON FOOT AGAIN!

HEY, HARRY... DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I FLEW TEN TONS OF REEFER TO SAN DIEGO? IT WAS SO GOOD THAT I LANDED IN THE MOUNTAINS AND SMOKED IT ALL MYSELF! HAH! HA HA HA!
YEAH, PAL... YOU TOLD ME... ABOUT A THOUSAND TIMES TOO BAD IT'S NOT THE TRUTH! HA HA HA!
... AND HOW ABOUT WHEN I WON FIRST PRIZE IN STUNT-FLYING AT SANTA CRUZ BACK IN '36 ..?
BY PUTTING SUGAR IN YOUR OPPONENT'S GAS, RIGHT?
DON'T SPILL YOUR COFFEE!
HUH?
AARRRR!
HEY!
NO BY THREATENING THEM!
WHOAAA! HOLY SHIT!
MORONS!
AI...!
YOU SPILLED THE COFFEE!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU DRUGGIES!
TURN BACK!
BUNCH OF SICKIES!
WHAT A MESS!
DO US A FAVOR AND GO TERK OFF!
HA HA HA! IF YOU DON'T LIKE TO FLY GET OUT AND WALK!
NUTS!
ボハゼ野郎
GET ON THE BALL, YOU ASSHOLES! WE GOT COMPANY!
CUT THE CRAP! IT'S THE JAPS! MAN YOUR POSITIONS!
OH, NO! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!
KEEP COOL, SISSY!
AARGH!
OKAY, TOJO! YOU'RE GONNA SEE WHAT A BELL AND HOWELL MACHINE GUN CAN DO!
HEY, HARRY! TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, HUH? THEY GOT ME, THE BASTARDS!

THEY'VE SHOT UP OUR CONTROLS! HELL, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A COMPASS!
WHAM!
ARRH! FLAK! WE ARE DEAD MEN!
BOM
DAMMIT! ONE OF THE PROPELLERS HAS BEEN BLOWN AWAY
CLIMB! CLIMB!
PAW!
GLOUGLOUGLOU...
DOES THE PRESSURE DROP WORRY YOU AT ALL?
PRESSURE? WHAT PRESSURE?
GASOLINE PRESSURE, DUMMY!
OH! GREAT!
WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
Y'KNOW, I COULD USE A DRINK!
?!
WHAM!
Aaaa?!
AND, LATER
HEY! ARE WE IN A HOSPITAL? IS IT NIGHT? HUH?
UGH!

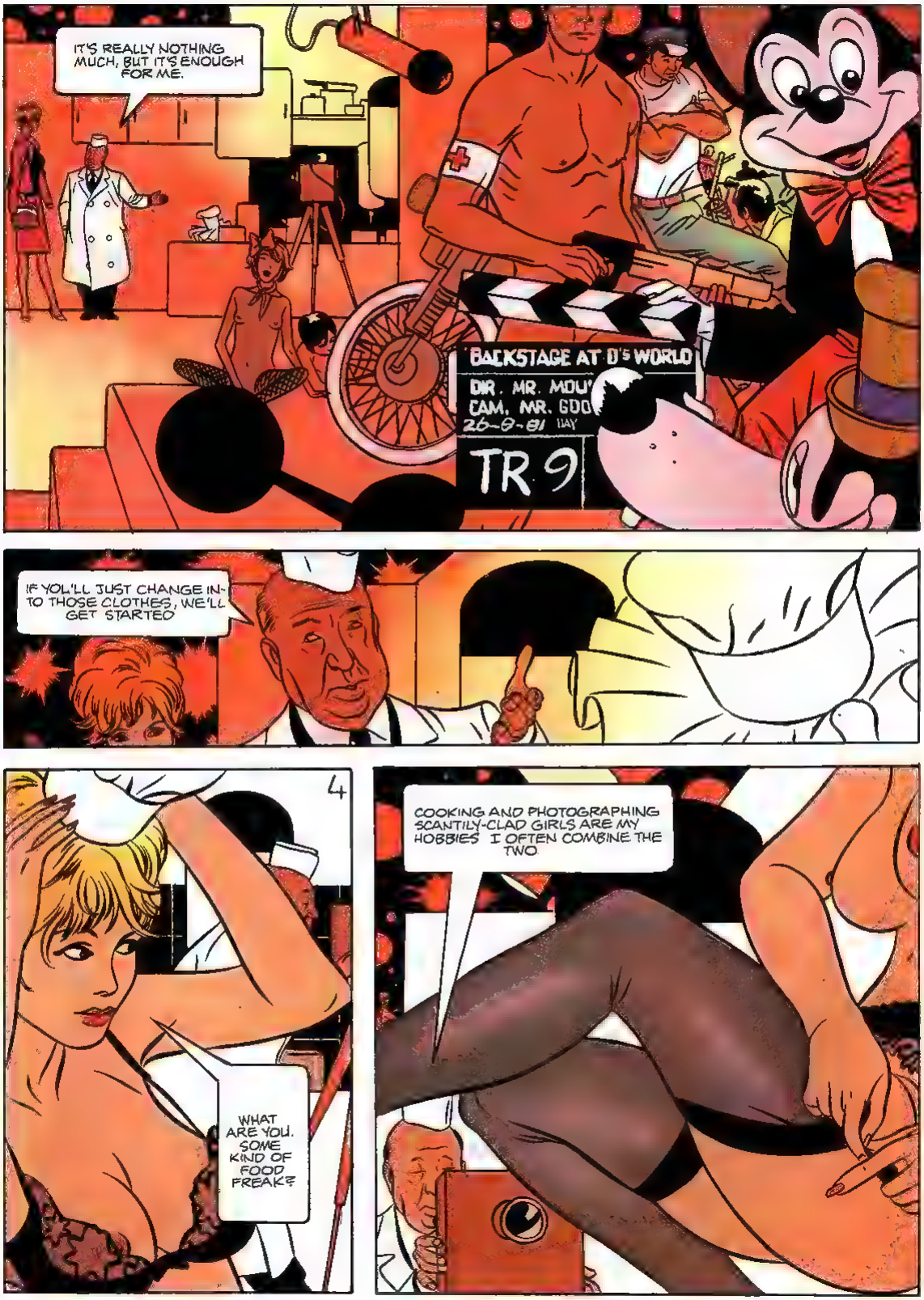
OOOH! MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE'RE ALIVE AND WE'RE LOST!
SHOOT THAT SUCKER SHOOT HIM
WHOO-EE! THAT WAS ONE MEAN JAP T WAS A JAP, HUH?
KA-POW!
I FEEL WEIRD IN THIS PLACE
HEY! THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE!
WOMEN!
1950.. KURT AND HARRY DON'T KNOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER, BUT THEY'RE IN NO HURRY TO GO HOME
SAY THERE, KURT DO YOU EVER MISS THE BOMBING RUNS?
LIKE I MISS MY VIRGINITY! I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND RIGHT NOW! HA HA HA! HEY, IS THERE ANY REEFER LEFT OVER THERE?

MEATOR: THE SECRET LIFE OF ALFRED H.

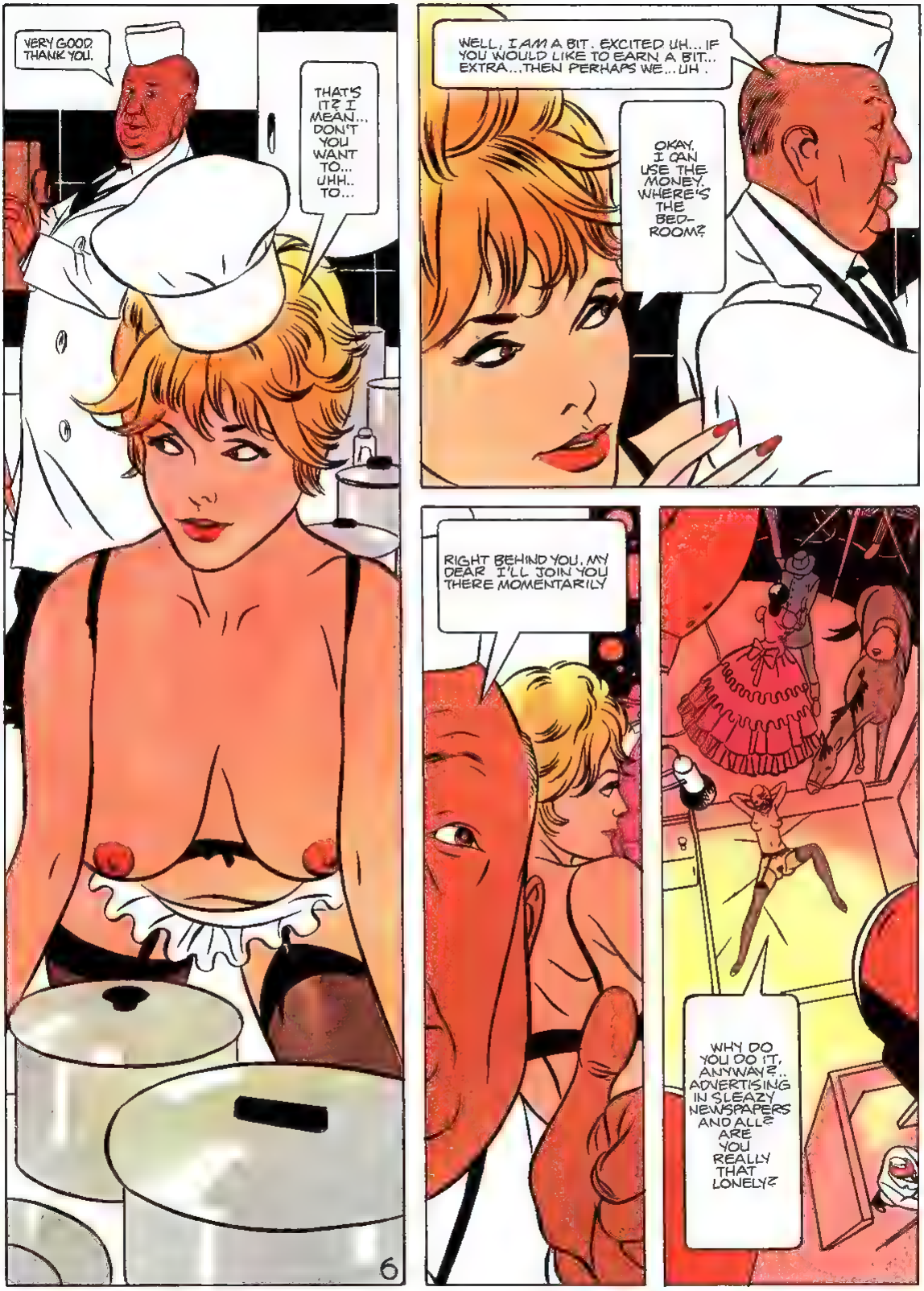
by Dick Matena

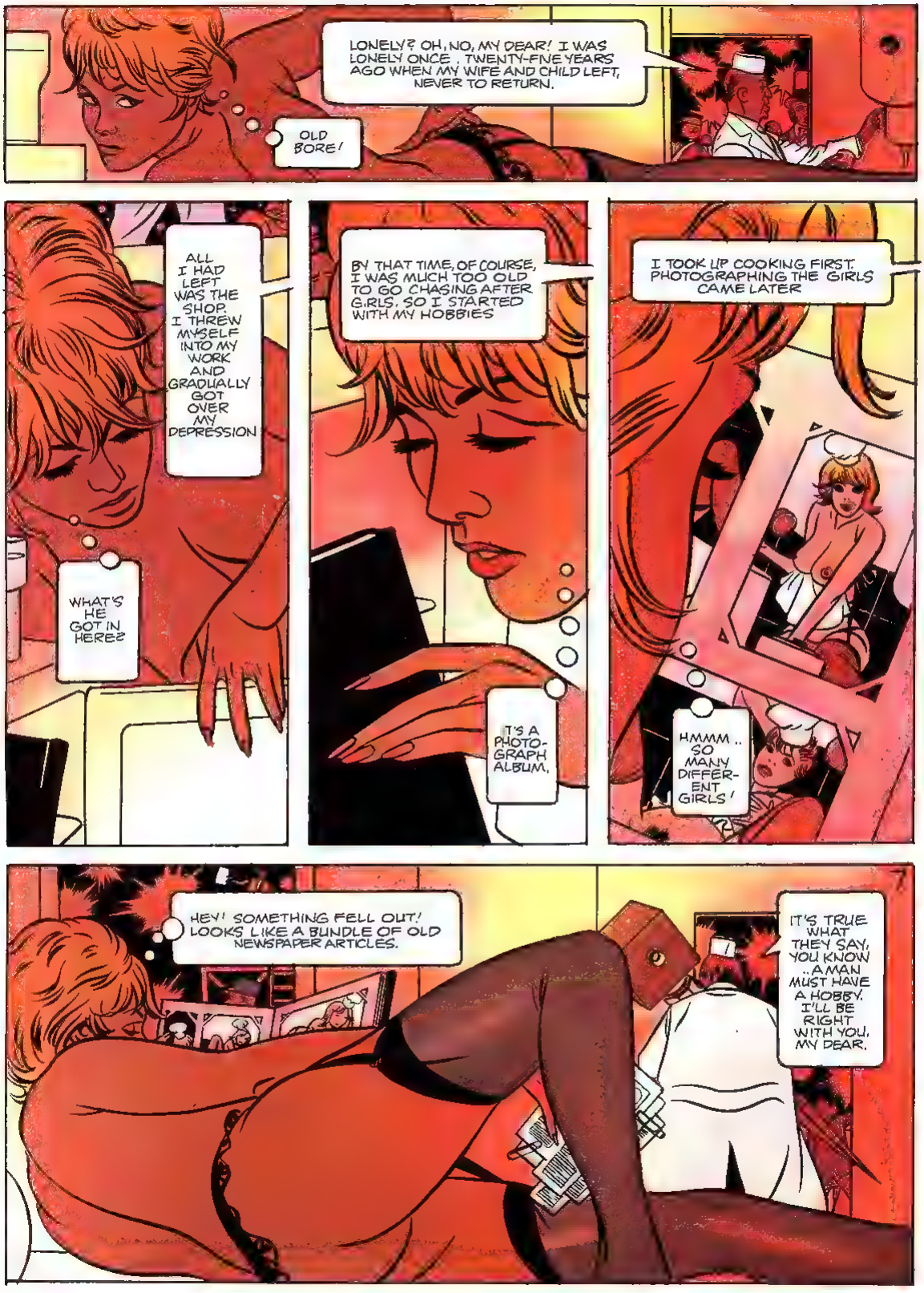
WHY, LOOK AT THIS HARLOT!... SHE'S SPRINKLING TOO MUCH SALT! TSK!
2
OF COURSE, THEY WERE NOT RENOWNED FOR THEIR COOKING ABILITY NO, THEY HAD .. OTHER QUALITIES.

DRIIIIINGGG!
AH! THAT WILL BE THE NEXT WHORE
I SHALL PUT AWAY MY PHOTO ALBUM AND OPEN THE SHOP
3
HI. DID YOU ADVERTISE FOR A MODEL? "YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE?"
I CERTAINLY DID, MISS . UH MISS ?
YES... JUST CALL ME "MISS," AND THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND..
. WHERE'S THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT?
IN HERE, MY DEAR.. IN THE KITCHEN BEHIND THE SHOP!
DIRECTOR


IT'S REALLY NOTHING MUCH, BUT IT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.
BACKSTAGE AT D'S WORLD
DIR. MR. MOU'
CAM. MR. GOO
26-9-81 DAY
TR 9
IF YOU'LL JUST CHANGE INTO THOSE CLOTHES, WE'LL GET STARTED
4
WHAT ARE YOU, SOME KIND OF FOOD FREAK?
COOKING AND PHOTOGRAPHING SCANTILY-CLAD GIRLS ARE MY HOBBIES I OFTEN COMBINE THE TWO

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
5
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!


VERY GOOD, THANK YOU.
THAT'S IT? I MEAN... DON'T YOU WANT TO... UHH.. TO...
6
WELL, I AM A BIT. EXCITED UH... IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO EARN A BIT... EXTRA...THEN PERHAPS WE... UH.
OKAY. I CAN USE THE MONEY. WHERE'S THE BED-ROOM?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MY DEAR I'LL JOIN YOU THERE MOMENTARILY
WHY DO YOU DO IT, ANYWAY? .. ADVERTISING IN SLEAZY NEWSPAPERS AND ALL? ARE YOU REALLY THAT LONELY?

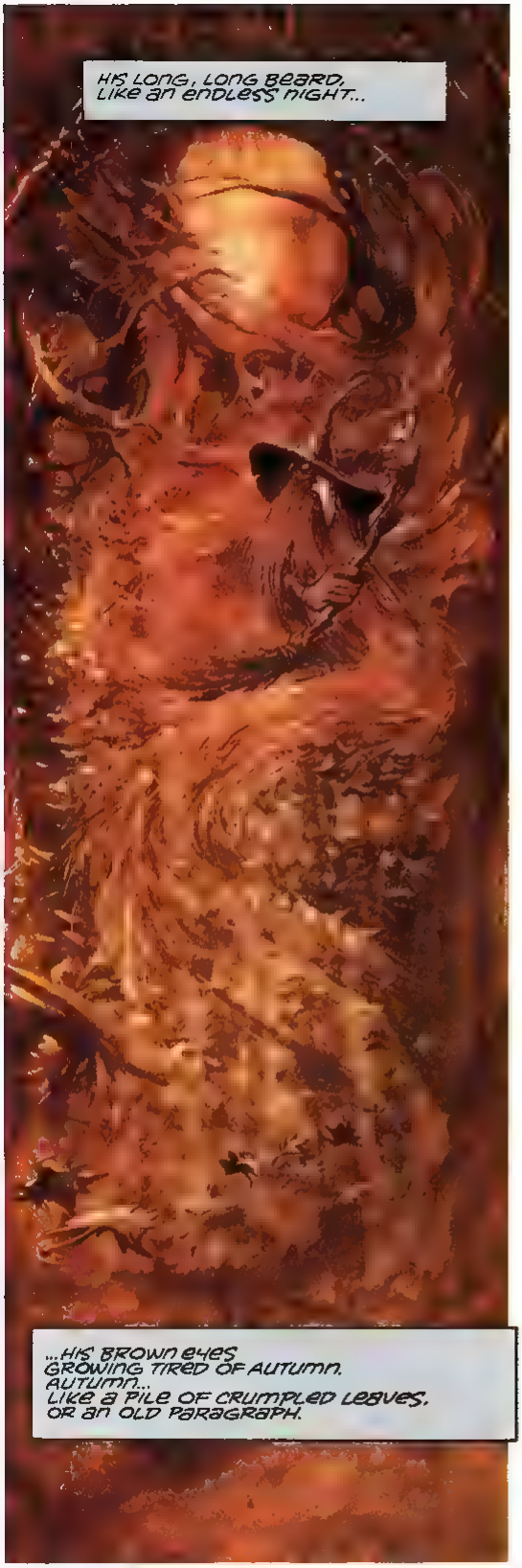

LONELY? OH, NO, MY DEAR! I WAS LONELY ONCE . TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO WHEN MY WIFE AND CHILD LEFT, NEVER TO RETURN.
OLD BORE!
ALL I HAD LEFT WAS THE SHOP. I THREW MYSELF INTO MY WORK AND GRADUALLY GOT OVER MY DEPRESSION
WHAT'S HE GOT IN HERE?
BY THAT TIME, OF COURSE, I WAS MUCH TOO OLD TO GO CHASING AFTER GIRLS, SO I STARTED WITH MY HOBBIES
IT'S A PHOTO-GRAPH ALBUM.
I TOOK UP COOKING FIRST. PHOTOGRAPHING THE GIRLS CAME LATER
HMMM .. SO MANY DIFFER-ENT GIRLS!
HEY! SOMETHING FELL OUT! LOOKS LIKE A BUNDLE OF OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.
IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY, YOU KNOW .. A MAN MUST HAVE A HOBBY. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MY DEAR.

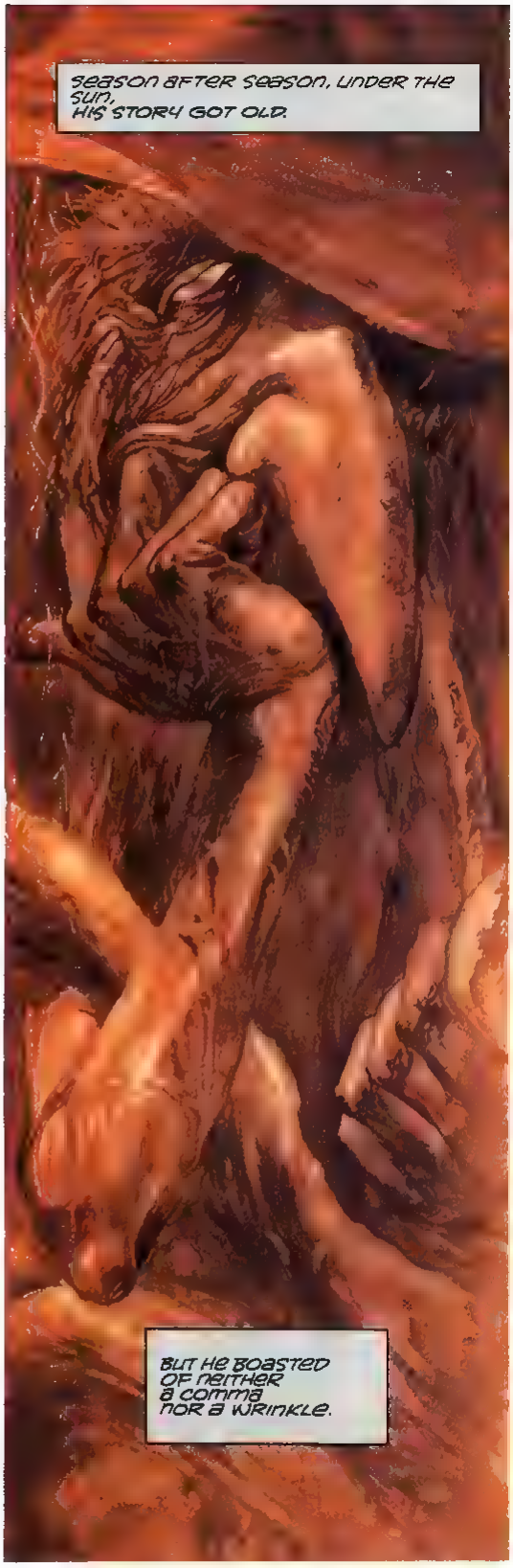
HMMMM... THIS ARTICLE'S ABOUT ONE OF THE GIRLS IN THE PHOTO ALBUM.. SAYS SHE'S MISSING.
ISSING
. AND THIS GIRL'S IN THE ALBUM, TOO.
AND SHE'S ALSO MISSING. AND THIS GIRL, TOO AND OH, MY GOD!
Cola
THEY'RE ALL MISSING!
AH! YOU'VE FOUND MY LITTLE COLLECTION. GOOD. THAT MAKES THINGS MUCH EASIER
WHAT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT KNIFE?

WHY, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.. LIKE I KILLED ALL THE OTHERS!
NO! NOOO!
THE PAIN WON'T LAST LONG!
NO! OH, PLEASE! NO!
I ASSURE YOU...YOU WON'T FEEL AS MUCH PAIN AS I HAVE FELT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS... SINCE THAT BITCH LEFT ME!
PLEASE LET ME GO! PLEASE!
I HATE HER
...HATE YOU..
...HATE ALL WOMEN!
AARGH!
ANOTHER ONE GONE. MY MIND CAN BE AT PEACE... FOR A LITTLE WHILE, AT LEAST.

A FEW HOURS LATER..
..AND NO ONE COULD PUT HUMPTY-DUMPTY TOGETHER AGAIN! HEH HEH!
THERE YOU GO, MY DEAR INTO THE SHOP WINDOW LIKE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS
AHH. HER HANDBAG! I'LL SEE WHO SHE WAS AND ADD HER NAME TO MY COLLECTION.
OH, NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!
AND YET.. THE NAME .. THE RESEMBLANCE.
. AND THIS PICTURE OF HER WITH HER MOTHER! OH, MY! THIS GIRL IS . ER WAS
MY OWN DAUGHTER!
THE END
TWO SAUSAGES, PLEASE.. SOME MOVIES MAKE ME AWFULLY HUNGRY!
10

Once Upon a Time


HIS LONG, LONG BEARD,
LIKE AN ENDLESS NIGHT...
...HIS BROWN EYES
GROWING TIRED OF AUTUMN.
AUTUMN...
LIKE A PILE OF CRUMPLED LEAVES,
OR AN OLD PARAGRAPH.


SEASON AFTER SEASON, UNDER THE SUN,
HIS STORY GOT OLD.
BUT HE BOASTED
OF NEITHER
A COMMA
NOR A WRINKLE.

In a dark, wooded area, both near and far,
lived an old man, buried deeply in the roots of a rhyme.

dusty quotations make him furrow his brow because he has outlived all humanity. period.

Could it be? By George, it is! After a six month quest, a newsstand that hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!

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